JULY, 1902.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.*

We have little desire to say anything about the so-called "Mary MacLane" matter. It has all been very freely aired by the newspapers, and it strikes us only as being wholly preposterous, no matter in what way one looks at it.

We are very glad to hear that a new edition of Mr. Robert W. Chambers's *The King in Yellow* is to appear. Mr. Chambers has written a great many books. Some of them we have liked. Some we have not liked at all. Easily at the head of the first class is *The King in Yellow*. For sheer horror and weirdness some of the stories of this book have seldom been surpassed.

The first instalment of Mr. Booth Tarkington's new novel, *The Two Van Revells*, appeared in the June number of *McClure's Magazine*. This story, in connection with Mr. Tarkington's earlier work, will be the subject of an article in THE BOOKMAN a month or two hence, in which an attempt will be made critically to estimate this author's place and promise in contemporary American literature. The fact that Mr. Tarkington has written two very successful books is in itself only of secondary importance. There are other men and women before the public to-day who have written successful novels. Most of them, however, have unquestionably reached their limit; whereas Mr. Tarkington is one of a very limited few who are likely to be holding high places in the literature of ten or twenty years hence.

Apropos of this we present the accompanying sketch, drawn by Mr. Tarking-

MR. TARKINGTON EXPRESSES HIMSELF PICTORIALLY.

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ton himself, and which represents the author of *The Gentleman from Indiana* and *Monsieur Beaucaire* in anything but a genial light. The gigantic figure with the bloodthirsty expression is that of the artist; the diminutive fugitive is an unintentional offender, whose only desire is adequately to express his apologies.

❧

Mr. Bangs and Two Policemen.

Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's two recent books, *Uncle Sam, Trustee,* and *Olympian Nights,* remind us of some stories which we recently heard him tell at a club dinner in New York City. Some of our readers may perhaps have heard these stories before, but to the majority we believe they will be new. Mr. Bangs began by remarking casually that he had travelled uptown during the rush hours of the evening before by the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad. He had worked his way slowly through the crowd until he reached the rear platform of the last car, where he found a man whom he understood to be the largest policeman on the New York police force. This policeman, according to his own statement, was six feet eight inches in height, and weighed in his best condition two hundred and ninety-two pounds. Mr. Bangs fell into a pleasant conversation with the giant, in the course of which he complimented him on his great size, which he said he supposed must be a very valuable asset to a man of his profession. "Well, sor," replied the policeman, meditatively, "I ain't got no grievance against me size when I am travellin' along with a rough crowd. But when it comes to buying pants, it's h—ll."

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Another story, hinging upon a policeman and at his own expense, Mr. Bangs has told upon several occasions. It concerns Mr. George Horton, the author of *Like Another Helen.* Mr. Horton had travelled from the West, and from New York proceeded to Yonkers, in which city Mr. Bangs resides, and where he made, a few years ago, a very entertaining, but unsuccessful, campaign for the mayoralty. After alighting from the train Mr. Horton approached the group of cabmen at the station and made inquiries as to the situation of Mr. Bangs's residence. Each of the drivers shook his head and maintained stoutly not only that he did not know where Mr. Bangs lived, but that he had never heard of any such person. In considerable surprise, Mr. Horton crossed the street to a prominent establishment, where alcoholic beverages were sold at retail, and made the same inquiry, with very much the same re-

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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sult. For a time he continued his search with no better success, but at the end of fifteen minutes or so good fortune brought him into contact with one of the local policemen. At first the policeman professed the same ignorance that had been shown elsewhere, but after awhile a light broke over his face, and he said: "Oh, ye mean that gazaboo that ran for Mayor here a few years ago?" Mr. Horton smiled and looked his interlocutor over curiously. "Mr. Bangs's reputation," he suggested, "is, I should say, considerably larger than you seem to think. Mr. Bangs has written books. These books are read all over the country. I have found them pretty much everywhere that I have been—in Chicago, in Florida, in New Orleans, and out on the Pacific Coast." The policeman looked thoughtful for a minute, and then grinned. "Well, sir," he said, "perhaps that's true; but all I've got to say is that Mr. Bangs's reputation may be national, but I'm d——d if it's local."

The following anecdote, though trivial, is not unentertaining: At a dinner one night given for the late Mr. Frank R. Stockton there was a sudden pause when the dessert arrived, and on looking around, the novelist saw two blocks of ice cream, one made in the form of a lady and the other of a tiger. Amid a breathless silence the hostess asked Mr. Stockton which he would take. Quick as a flash the answer came: "A little of each, madam."

A curiosity among strikes has been on in Paris recently. This is the strike of the newspaper critics against the theatrical managers who have decided to suppress the press rehearsals. "If you suppress the press rehearsal," say the newspaper critics, "we shall simply deal with a play when it pleases us to do so. It will be useless for you to think that we shall keep our forms open till four o'clock in the morning for a perfectly gratuitous advertisement." In the affair the theatrical managers have the sympathy of the Authors' Society. The actresses, however, are furious at the idea of a change that will interfere with a description of their dresses.

The Maeterlinck plays at Paris recently were a great success. During one week *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Monna Vanna* were given at the Opéra Comique. M. Maeterlinck's two recent volumes will be discussed in a later number of this magazine.

The Great Safe Hoax and "Monte Christo."

Another link binding fiction and fact. This time it has to do with the great safe hoax which so astounded Paris, which brought disaster to so many Parisian business houses, and which has kept the police of New York City very busy watching the arrivals on the incoming transatlantic steamships. The American newspapers have had, of course, a great deal to say about the affair, but we do not remember that any one of them has called attention

M. MAURICE MAETERLINCK IN HIS HOME IN PARIS.

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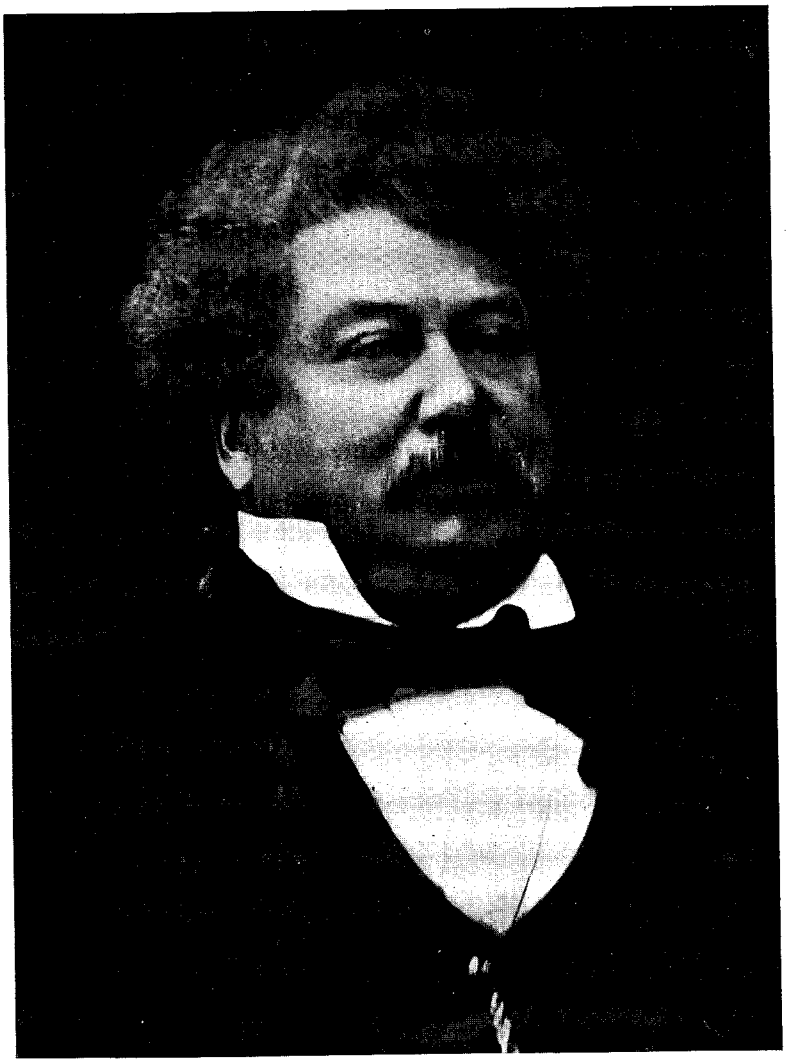
to the fact that this gigantic scheme of fraud was inspired by the reading of Dumas's *Count of Monte Christo*. It was that book which first started in the mind of Madame Humbert the idea of boundless wealth. In time she constructed the imaginary American millionaire, Henry Robert Crawford, and then created the two nephews who prevented her opening the famous safe with its hundred million francs. This strange story became a tradition in Paris life, a tradition which enabled the Humberts, who were absolutely without any assets, to live at one time at the rate of three million francs a year. The whole case was summed up very admirably by Waldeck-Rousseau when he described it as "the greatest fraud in history."

This allusion to the *Count of Monte Christo* leads us to call attention to the fact that very close at hand is the centenary of Alexandre Dumas, who was born at Villers-Cotterets, July 24, 1802. Assiduous and careful readers of THE BOOKMAN during the last three or four years may have noticed one or two allusions in the magazine to this author and to his works.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS. BORN JULY 24, 1802.

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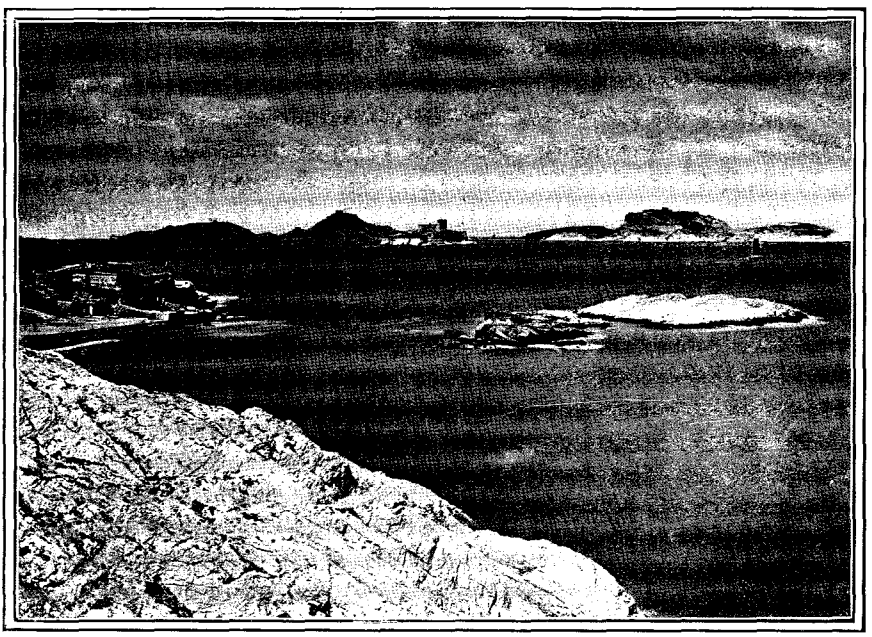
Stories about the personality of Dumas are so plentiful that one might easily fill a book without exhausting them. It was his own son, the author of *La Dame aux Camélias,* who said of him: "My father is so vain that he would climb up on the seat of his own carriage in order to make people think that he kept a negro coachman." When the younger Alexandre was a boy, the father introduced him to a roomful of company as "Mon chef d'œuvre." The following story, which was gleaned from a French source and recently reprinted in the *Page,* is as typical as any: "When M. de Villemessant was founding *Le Grand Journal* he wrote to Dumas asking for his assistance. Dumas at once prepared a romance in six volumes. In the meantime the editor asked him for some articles or causeries which were to be published immediately. 'I have the very thing!' cried Dumas. 'I was just about to start on a whole series about snakes.' 'On snakes?' 'Yes. I have the entire subject at my fingers' ends. I spent half my life studying them. There's not a soul who knows anything about the dear, interesting little creatures. You will find it will be a great success—this article.' The editor, half-convinced, agreed to accept this article 'on snakes,' saying to himself: 'After all, Dumas is very likely to hit on something effective.' 'If you want a little cash in advance you can draw on me.' 'I have plenty,' said Dumas, 'for the first time in my life, I confess; but still, I really have enough.' They parted, and the editor returned to his office. On arriving there he found Alexandre's secretary waiting for him with the following paper ready signed: 'Received the sum of fifteen napoleons on account of my story. A hearty squeeze of the hand. A. D.' The next day the secretary arrived with the first *feuilleton,* and a letter which ran: 'My dear friend: Be kind enough to hand the bearer the sum of nine napoleons. A. D.' The very same evening came a despatch from Havre: 'On receipt of this please send twenty napoleons to my lodging at Frascati. A thousand thanks. A. D.' An hour later came another:



The bay of Marseilles with the Château d'If, immortalised by Dumas in *The Count of Monte Christo.* It was here that Edmond Dantès was imprisoned for fourteen years, finally escaping by taking the place in the sack of the dead Abbé Faria and being thrown into the sea.

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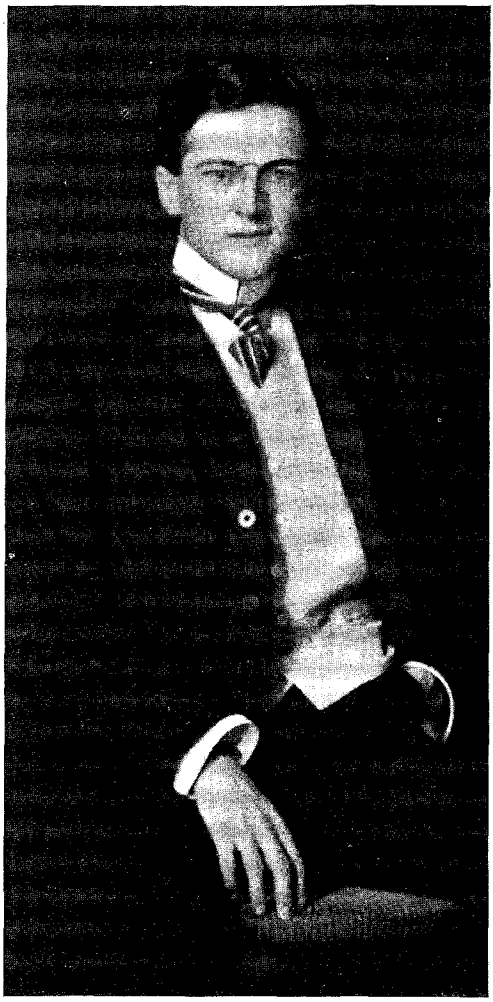

JOHN CORBIN.

'My Dear Boy: I should have said thirty, not twenty, naps. You are my best friend. The *feuilleton* is on the road. A. Dumas.' The finale of this capital story is no less characteristic. The *feuilleton* arrived by post the following day, and was found to contain exactly four lines of Dumas's composition—two at the beginning and two at the end of the paper. Thus it ran: 'I copy from my good friend, Dr. Revoil, the following particulars about snakes.' Then came a long essay on that subject, all copied out in his own neat handwriting, and closed by this original remark: 'In my next I will deal with the boa constrictor, the most curious of all the snakes.'"

Oxford and the American Undergraduate.

Mr. John Corbin's *An American at Oxford* is likely to have a success due not altogether to the merits of the book itself. It is a good bit of writing—it seems to be just what its author intended it should be, but what will chiefly commend it to readers is, in view of the widespread American interest in the bequest of the late Cecil Rhodes, its happy timeliness. The body of the book was about ready to go to the binder at the time of the publication of Mr. Rhodes's will, which provided that each of the United States is forever to be represented at Oxford by two carefully selected undergraduate students. Mr. Corbin was just able to prepare hurriedly a preface, in which he summed up some of his ideas about the much-mooted matter.

While he considers Mr. Rhodes's bequest on the whole fortunate for the future of American education, Mr. Corbin does not believe that the plan will result in any speedy realisation of the ideals of the great exponent of English power in the new worlds. Highly assimilative as our national American genius has always been, it is and will remain fundamentally native and independent. "We have assimilated, or are assimilating," writes Mr. Corbin, "the best spirit of German education; and if we were to make a similar draft on the best educational spirit in England, our universities would become far superior as regards their organisations and ideals, and probably also as regards what they accomplish, to any in Europe." The author goes on to point out that at first sight the testator's intention seems to have been to send the students to Oxford directly from American schools, a course which he believes could work only harm. He does not think the educational and residential facilities of Oxford are any better than those of American universities, and if they were, that alone would not compensate the student for the loss of his American university course, with all it means in forming friendships and in developing the national spirit. What he believes is, that great advantage might result if the Oxford scholarships were awarded to recent graduates of American universities.

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Then the student might modify his native training so as to complete it and make it more effective. It was very much in this way that Mr. Corbin himself went to Oxford.

In that part of the book devoted to the problems of the American University, Mr. Corbin is open to considerable criticism. In his titles he professes to deal with the American undergraduate at large; as a matter of fact, he tells only of the undergraduate of Harvard. American university social life means to him Harvard social life; when he writes of the educational system of the English university, he looks only to new Cambridge for the American contrast. He is on surer ground when he compares English and American university athletics, and he says quite frankly that he enjoyed writing this part of the book best. There are very few men so well fitted to judge the undergraduate sports of both countries; and, as a result, the chapters dealing with "Oxford Out of Doors" are very well worth while. With Mr. Caspar Whitney, he believes that American football, as played by the colleges, "has improved English Rugby off the face of the earth." The English game he finds "haphazard and inconsequent." The moderation of English training, the utter absence of "diplomacy in the arrangement of contests, and the apparent indifference of the Oxonian or the Cantab to the success of his university," are something he cannot understand. Mr. Corbin went to Oxford with much curiosity; he left it with a thorough liking for his hosts; but, naturally and happily, he came away preserving intact the ideals and convictions on the whole question which he had formed while an American undergraduate.

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN.

Anna Katharine Green.

By no stretch of the imagination can any of Anna Katharine Green's novels be ranked as literature; with the makers of great detective stories—Poe, Gaboriau and Doyle—she has little in common; nevertheless, for work of a certain kind she enjoys a wide and well-deserved popularity. In a crude way Anna Katharine Green possesses a very strong sense of sensational dramatic effect. Few writers to-day can handle mystery and assassination so picturesquely and effectively. Even in the days of *The Leavenworth Case* and *Behind Closed Doors* she had thoroughly mastered the mechanism of the detective story, and if, as has been said, types such as Dupin and Lecoq and Tir au Clair and Sherlock Holmes are far beyond her powers; in Ebenezer Gryce and his young assistant she has constructed two excellent sleuths of the second order of merit.

Years ago, Thackeray, when he was sending newspaper and magazine letters

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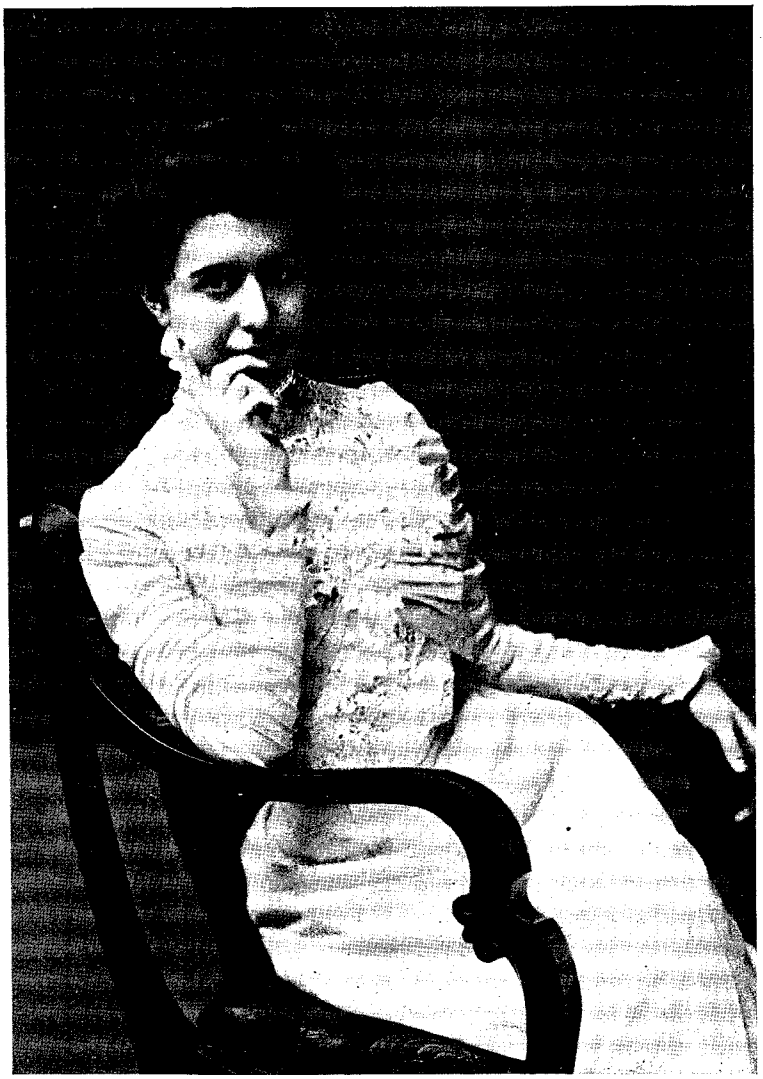
from Paris, poked huge fun at Paul de Kock because the latter, in one of his novels, introduced an eccentric English nobleman whom he had christened Lord Boulgrog. In much the same way some of the Paris correspondents of London journals have recently been having an amusing time with a French playwright, who, in a new play, calls one of the characters, an Englishwoman, "Netche Ems." But even better than this was the French daily whose *feuilleton* a few weeks ago set forth the career of an English milord named Lord Mrougham.

When, some time next January, writers begin the work of summing up the books which have won popular favour during 1902, there is little doubt that all the lists will include Alice Caldwell Hegan's *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and Owen Wister's *The Virginian. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* has already established a secure place among the widely read books of the year, and we expect much along the same line from Mr. Wister's novel. The title, by the way, is daringly near to that of Thackeray's sequel to *Henry Esmond*.



ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.

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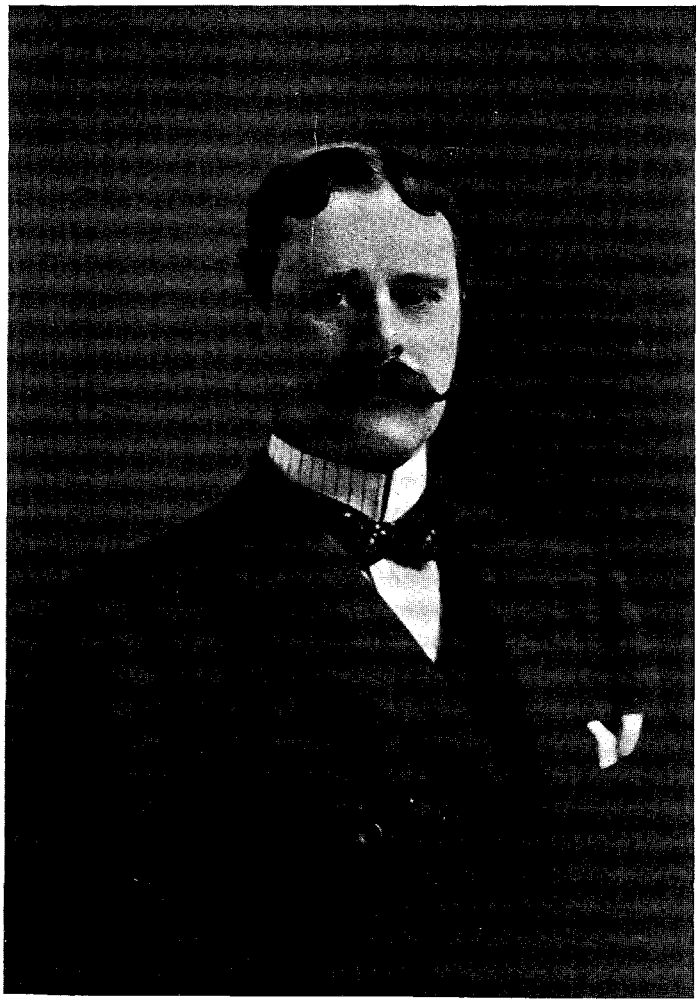
The Age of Fifty.

In England lately they have been writing a good deal on the subject of man's achievement after he has passed the age of fifty. On the literary side of the question it has been pointed out that Samuel Richardson, for instance, attained his success after passing that age. The first part of *Pamela* was written in two months of the winter of 1739-40, and published in the latter year. Boswell had passed fifty when the work that has made him immortal, his *Life of Dr. Johnson,* was published. After achieving this success he lived for only four years, and died sadly and ignominiously. Cervantes was fifty-eight when, in spite of all his miseries, he found the oportunity for completing the first part of *Don Quixote.* Daniel Defoe was fifty-eight years of age when he wrote *Robinson Crusoe,* and at the same period of life John Locke produced his essay "Concerning Human Understanding." Milton was fifty-nine when *Paradise Lost* was published. Samuel Johnson was sixty-eight when he began to write his *Lives of the Poets,* which has been called the most masculine and massive body of criticism in the language.

It is painful to note how many great men have died in the fifties. At fifty-one Tasso, Sir Humphry Davy, Henry Fawcett and Walter Bagehot, Madame de Staël and Cavour; at fifty-two Shakespeare and the great Napoleon, Thackeray, Eugène Sue, William Haz-



OWEN WISTER.

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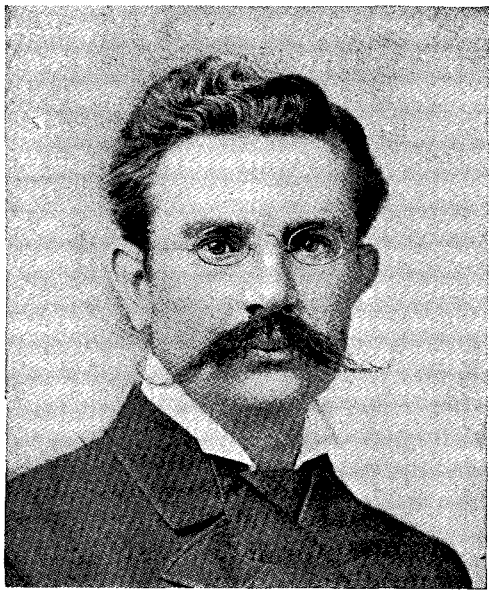

THE LATE WILLIAM BLACK.

litt, Alfred the Great and Lessing; at fifty-four Descartes, who in his early days had planned the restoration of the patriarchal period of life, on the ground that he could not accomplish his work in a shorter term of years. Hugh Miller's brave heart cracked, to use Carlyle's words, at the same period. Dante died at fifty-six, and so did Francis Drake, Captain Marryat, Philip Massinger, George Whitefield, Pope and Paganini. Blackstone died at fifty-seven, and so did Canning, Heine, Charles J. Fox and Vanbrugh. At fifty-eight Defoe, Charles Dickens, Andrew Marvel, John Donne, Richard Steele and Ann Radcliffe passed from this world. Montaigne, Oliver Cromwell and Lord Macaulay were among many who died at the threshold of sixty.

Elsewhere in the present number of THE BOOKMAN will be found reviews of Sir Wemys Reid's *William Black, Novelist*, and *The Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant.*

Dictionaries of Slang.

The writer of the department "Musings Without Method" in *Blackwood's Magazine* took as his main subject a month or two ago dictionaries, their merits, their peculiarities and their making. He began with the dictionary of the French Academy, passed to Dr. Samuel Johnson and his dictionary, discussed the "bundle of words" which Randall Cotgrave published in 1611, and finally turned to the subject of the Slang Dictionaries which purported to introduce the student to the jargon used by the outcasts of society. "Whence came that strange, canting tongue known by its professors as St. Giles's Greek, Thieves' Latin, or Pedlars' French? From the Gypsies, we are told alike by science and by tradition. But whencever it came, it was well established in England by the sixteenth century. Harrison, in his *Description of England* (1577), not only explains the origin of the language, but dates its birth. 'In counterfeiting the Egyptian roges,' says he of the beggars, 'they had devised a language among themselves which they name Canting, a speache compact thirty years since of English and a great number of odde wordes of their own devising, without all order or reason; and yet such it is, as none but themselves are able to understand. The first deviser thereof was hanged by the neck, as a just reward, no doubt, for his desartes. and a common end to all of that profession.' Harrison's account cannot be accepted without revision. St. Giles's Greek is not a speech compact of English and odd words. Its syntax is English, but its vocabulary is all unspoiled by the written tongue. Nor can we believe that so useful an instrument of deceit as a secret language was devised by one man. Had it been, the inventor would have deserved a better fate than to be hanged by the neck. A chair of philology should have been his, and he should have been left to pursue his valuable enterprise in peace. But a language spoken, according to Harrison, by 10,000 people, had a natural growth, and came slowly to efflorescence. At any rate, by Shakespeare's time the lingo was firmly established, and its influence is conspicuous in the works of Ben Jonson and other dramatists. Its purpose is obvious enough: it was the best instrument wherewith to befog the ministers of justice. A criminal who could speak with his comrades in a tongue unknown to the honest man had a far better chance to escape the consequence of his misdeeds.

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"But justice was not slow to learn the jargon of the criminal, and science followed in the train of justice with treatise and lexicon. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, books were composed in the flash tongue, while handbooks, falsely ascribed to Jonathan Wild, to Barrington and other famous cracksmen, followed one another into the bags of the book-pedlars. And very curious they are, these little chap-books, ill-spelled, and worse printed though they be, for they reveal the science of the highway, and illustrate the career of the bully-ruffians from the moment they go upon the pad until they pay the last debt at the nubbing-cheat. Such a book is the *Dictionary of the Canting Crew* (1690), by B. E., Gent., which the title-page informs us is 'useful for all sorts of people (especially Foreigners) to secure their money and preserve their Lives; besides very Diverting and Entertaining, being wholly new.' Its entertainment we readily admit, while we doubt its use; and we pity the reckless foreigner who was persuaded to consult it. How, for instance, would it have profited a plundered Frenchman to hear his assailant murmur to an accomplice: 'We fork'd the rum cull's meggs to the tune of fifty'? Would it have warned a trusting German if he heard whispered behind him, "Let's kimbaw the cull'? Of course not; and B. E., Gentleman though he was, boasted a little when he recommended his book to the notice of foreigners. But his book is as full of profit as of pleasure, and it solves many of the riddles which confront us in the literature of its age."

THE LATE SIR WALTER BESANT.

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The Russian Novel.

In an article on "The Russian Soul," which he contributed recently to the *Saturday Review*, Arthur Symons found in the pages of George Borrow's *Lavengro* an analogy to the early writings of Tolstoy. As an example, he compares the chapter describing Lavengro's paroxysm of fear in the dingle with the pages in *Sevastopol* describing Praskhouhin's sensations before and after the bomb strikes him. Tolstoy's position of calm and dogged and well-thought-out revolt, he thinks, could only have been adopted or maintained in Russia, and in Russia it is conspicuous only because Tolstoy is a man of genius. "The Russian novel," says Mr. Symons, "is the novel of uncivilised people who give us their impressions of civilisation, or who show us how one can do without civilisation. They try to find out the meaning of life, each for himself, as if no one had ever thought about the matter before. They are troubled about the soul, which they are unable to realise, with Balzac, as 'nervous fluid;' with

EDITH EUSTIS.

Thackeray, as the schoolboy's response to his master. Like Fomá Gordyéeff, 'they bear within them something heavy and uncomfortable, something which they cannot comprehend.' Russian novels are the only novels in which we see people acting on their impulses, unable to resist their impulses or to account for them. They are never in doubt as to what they feel; it is as simple as when one says, 'I am cold; I am hungry.' They say, 'I love this woman; I hate this man; I must go to Sevastopol, though I shall probably be killed if I go there; I am convinced that this or that is my duty.' Sometimes they reason out their feelings; but the reasoning never makes any difference to their feelings. The English novelist shows us an idea coming into a man's head; when he has got the idea he sometimes proceeds to feel as the idea suggests to him. The French novelist shows us a sensation, tempered or directed by will, coming into a man's consciousness; even his instincts wait on the instinctive criticism of the intelligence; so that passion, for instance, cools into sensuality while it waits. But to the Russian there is nothing in the world except the feeling which invades him like an atmosphere, or grows up within him like a plant putting out its leaves, or crushes him under it like a great weight falling from above. He wonders at this strange thing which takes possession of him so easily, so unexpectedly, so irresistibly. He may fight against it, but it will be as Jacob fights against the angel in Mr. Nettleship's remarkable design: he is held in the mere hollow of a hand, while he conceives himself to be wrestling with the whole of that unseen force."

Marion Manning, by Edith Eustis, is a story of Washington, which, however, was published too late to be included in the article in this number on "Washington in Fiction." Mrs. Eustis is a daughter of former Vice-President Levi P. Morton.

It was at the inn at Burford Bridge, near Dorking, shown in the illustration on the opposite page, that Keats wrote part of his *Endymion*. The inn is further noted as having been the lodging-place of Lord Nelson just before he sailed to Trafalgar.

The Hoosier Group.

A literary event of real importance was the gathering of Indiana authors in Indianapolis during the last week of May to give their services to the work of increasing the Benjamin Harrison Memorial Fund —a work which, as has been pointed out, should not be left to Indiana alone. During the evenings of Friday, May 30,

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and Saturday, May 31, a series of authors' readings was held at English's Opera House; on Saturday an authors' luncheon took place at the University Club, and late in the evening a reception was given by the same club. Probably there is no other State which could have carried so large an affair along these lines to so complete a success and with such dignity as Indiana. It was in no way a matter of mere local literary reputations. The authors who took part were Hoosiers only in the secondary sense; for almost all of them belong widely to the literary activity of the nation. General Lew Wallace, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade, Booth Tarkington, George B. McCutcheon, Charles Major, James Whitcomb Riley—one need only call the roll. Comment would be superfluous.

THE FAMOUS INN AT BURFORD BRIDGE, NEAR DORKING.

The House of Harper.

The fact that with the issue of July 5 there is to be a complete change in the form of *Harper's Weekly* lends a certain timeliness to these, the first of a series of paragraphs which we shall print from time to time on the great publishing houses of the country and the men who actively direct them. Of the New York publishing houses which exist to-day that of Harper is the oldest. It was established in 1817 by John and James Harper, and its first home was in a square, three-story brick building at No. 82 Cliff Street.

Seventy-two years later, in November, 1899, financial disaster overtook the house of Harper, and the work of reorganisation was undertaken by Colonel George B. McClellan Harvey, one of the most successful of the business and newspaper men of the younger generation. Colonel Harvey comes of Scottish ancestry, and is a native of Vermont, where he was born, at Peacham, on February 16, 1864. He was educated at the Caledonia Grammar School in that town, and when fifteen years old began to write for the local newspapers. At the age of eighteen he became a reporter on the staff of the Springfield *Republican*. Two years later he went West, and for the next year was a reporter for the *Daily News* of Chicago. When he was twenty-one, with his Peacham, Springfield and Chicago experience behind him, Mr. Harvey came to New York and became a reporter for the *World*. For nearly seven years he served that paper, rising from place to place on its staff until he became managing editor, and then editor-in-chief. The last-named place he held for six months, when his health became impaired and he was compelled to resign. That was in 1893. Mr. Harvey then turned his attention to business affairs. For two years he was associated in busi-

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ness with William C. Whitney. Then he undertook the development of electric railroad and lighting concerns on his own account. He built the electric roads on Staten Island, and at Long Branch, Asbury Park and elsewhere on the New Jersey coast. In 1898 he formed what was known as the Harvey Syndicate, and purchased the street railroads of Havana and other properties in Cuba, and to the development and improvement of them has since devoted much attention. He is vice-president of the Monmouth Trust and Safe Deposit Company of Asbury Park, New Jersey, and a director of several financial institutions. Mr. Harvey

COLONEL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN HARVEY. THE PRESENT HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF HARPER.

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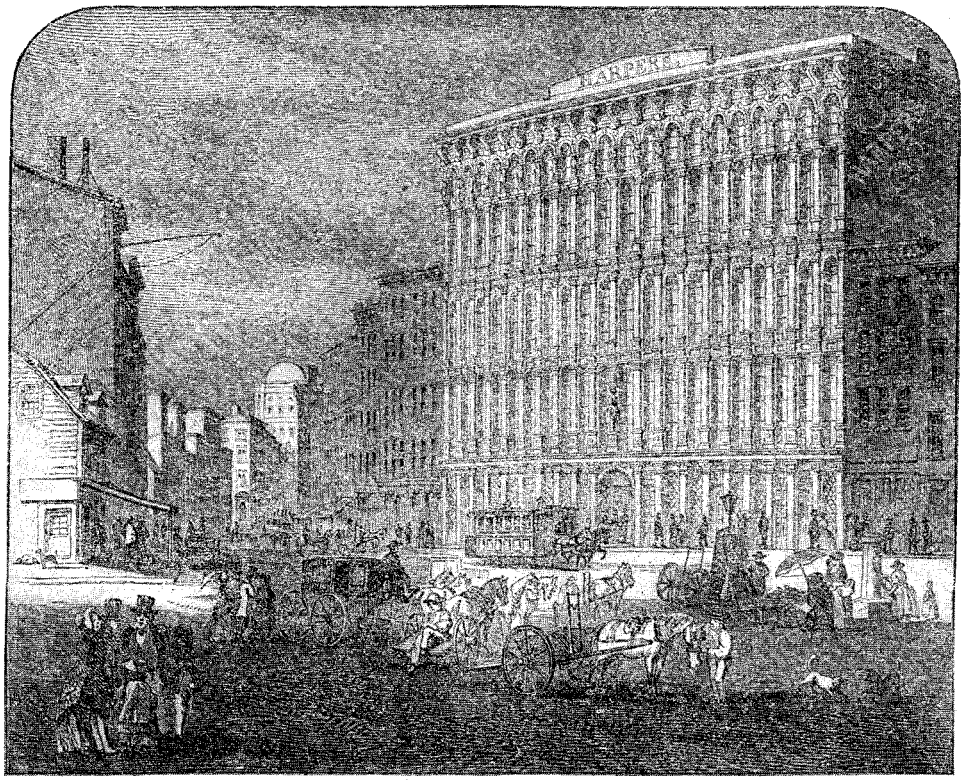
was, at the age of twenty-one, appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor Green, of New Jersey. He was reappointed and made chief of staff by Governor Abbett, and declined another reappointment at the hands of Governor Werts. He was also appointed Commissioner of Banking and Insurance by Governor Abbett, but resigned the place after a few months in order to give his full time to newspaper work. He also declined the place of Consul-General at Berlin, which was offered to him by President Cleveland. Early in 1899 Colonel Harvey purchased and became editor of the *North American Review*.



THE PUBLISHING HOUSE OF HARPER. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

❧

Bret Harte in a New Field.

Every one who claimed any acquaintance whatever with American literature knew the late Bret Harte very well indeed as a writer of verse and of short stories; very few, we think, knew of him as the writer of an opera libretto. Yet many of the last months of his life were given to work on this libretto, which he did not live to see produced. The subject of the opera was first broached by Emanuel Moór, a Hungarian composer, who has a summer home in England. While Mr. Moór is comparatively unknown in this country, his symphonies have been heard and appreciated in England and on the Continent; and his opera, *La Pompadour*, was performed last winter in Germany. In 1899 some of his friends urged him to write an opera to English words; but the difficulty was to find a good libretto. Bret Harte was at last induced to try his hand at this unaccustomed work; but, though plots were talked over, nothing further was done until last year, when the story of "Alkali Dick" was chosen and modified. The result was beyond every one's expectations, including even those of the author who had produced an opera full of incident, sentiment and humour. The words of the libretto are said to be

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admirable, and there are some really exquisite verses, in particular the "Angelus," which is a perfect lyric.

The hero of the opera is a gentleman who, in search of a lark, has joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show as a cowboy. Grown tired of the life, he leaves the show in Paris and rides across country to take passage for home. He loses his way in a forest adjacent to an old château, and creates a great sensation, which he can in no way understand, among some young maids who are preparing for the fête of their mistress. He does not know that in his cowboy costume, which curiously resembles that of a cavalier painted in the time of Vandyke —an observation which Bret Harte said was the cause of his writing the story of "Alkali Dick"—he is taken for the ghost of a Count Armand, an ancestor of the present occupants of the château, who, condemned on account of sacrilege, is obliged to wander forever through the forest. The young mistress of the House of Fontenelle, who has always been mysteriously attracted by the face and fate of Count Armand, on beholding the American, falls into the same error, which leads to strange complications. The mother represents the old *régime,* the Abbé is the humorous character, and the *deus ex machina,* a young cavalry officer, who arrives from Paris at the proper moment to vouch for the respectability of the supposed Count, now unmasked as a circus rider, who in the meantime has of course fallen in love with the young Countess.

One who was with Bret Harte during the time that he was at work on the opera says that he wrote rapidly, and almost every day brought from his writing table new songs written in his fine, neat hand. These he read aloud and explained what was to follow. Then he would beg to hear the music which had been composed since the day before, and would lean back in his chair, a cigar in his mouth, an earnest look in his eyes, which changed to a smile of delight at some especially fine passage, and give himself up to a thorough enjoyment of hearing his own words sung. Though no musician, he declared that nothing affected him so deeply as music. It was delightful to those assembled to see the interest of the writer in his new field, to note his willingness to take suggestions, and to listen to the discussions between the writer and composer in regard to the musical and literary value of words. He was very anxious to hear the opera performed, and was then so strong and hearty that there seemed no reason to doubt that he would have that pleasure.

Bret Harte often said that he owed all his popularity to the strength and freshness of his material, and that California at the time of the gold fever was a rich field for authors and the best possible working model of democracy. In discussing humour, he once said that the humourist must be able to look at both sides; must make the reader weep as well as laugh. For that reason he did not consider Mark Twain a real humourist, although he had often laughed until he cried over Mark Twain's writings. In his opinion, the greatest humourists were Thackeray, Dickens and Cervantes; but he considered that the greatest writers of all, in his opinion, Shakespeare and Dante, were too sublime for humour. Tennyson he looked upon as the greatest poet since Shakespeare, but thought that when he tried to be humorous, as in the "Monologue at the Cock," he succeeded only in becoming ridiculous. Another of his opinions was that a man's nature is richer in tenderness than a woman's. In view of this idea, it is interesting to reread "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The story is a point in favour of that belief in his own case. His long residence abroad had by no means alienated his affections from his own country, and the news of the death of President McKinley last autumn greatly shocked and saddened him.

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PAUL LEICESTER FORD AS BIBLIOGRAPHER AND HISTORIAN

Paul Leicester Ford was born in Brooklyn, New York, March 23, 1865, and had, therefore, just completed his thirty-seventh year at the time of his tragic and untimely death on May 8 last. It is well to keep this fact prominent while estimating the variety of his genius. One cannot forbear recalling a sixteenth-century parallel in the sudden death of Raphael Sanzio, when also of exactly the same age. Without pressing the parallel too far, it is safe to say that both accomplished more than a good life's work in a brief span of years, leaving the world a debtor to their worth and industry.

A fall from his nurse's arms in infancy permanently injured Mr. Ford and precluded his pursuit of education in academic fields, as enjoyed by robust young men; but he received rudimentary training under the guidance of private tutors. His father and mother were both persons of considerable culture; possessed of a fine private library, and a home to which many men and women prominent in American letters resorted. It was in this exceptional company, at dinner table and in the library, that his boyhood and youth were spent; his tastes cultivated and his plans for future life-work matured. He was equal to the advantages of his environment, and justified the ambitious hope which his father indulged for him. With his father and brother, Worthington Chauncey Ford, he aided in forming "The Historical Printing Club," of Brooklyn, which "for excellent work and for the number of books published easily takes a place in the front rank of modern book clubs." In fact, what is usually considered as the initial issue of the club's publications, in 1876, was a reprint, with notes and corrections by Paul Leicester Ford, then only eleven years old, of the *Webster Genealogy*, compiled originally in 1836 by Noah Webster, his great-grandfather.

Mr. Ford was small in stature, but great in mind. Among American historians of the nineteenth century who have accomplished great tasks in the face of physical drawbacks, Prescott, Parkman and Ford make an undying trio. It is not generally known that Parkman early in life exhibited some versatility, but did not develop it. Mr. Ford, on the contrary, developed a remarkable versatility, which was yet destined to show itself in other fields than those in which he took a prominent part, namely, in bibliography, history and fiction. His mind, saturated with information on a vast range of topics, delivered up of its store whenever an occasion warranted, in a most natural, matter-of-fact manner and without ostentation. His industry exhibited "the strength of ten," and he knew well how to concentrate time to bear the best results. The pace at which he worked, or seemed to some to work, judged from the number of publications issued with his name in a single year, created the impression (as I have heard it discussed) that his many accomplishments were a flash of genius which was soon to produce an untimely end. But Mr. Ford baffled the alarm of his friends by producing yet more and better work in an enlarged sphere without the least evidence of physical disintegration. Possessed of sufficient affluence to embrace a life of ease, he chose work for pleasure. He once stated that, were he able, the height of his ambition would be realised by bringing out some new book or monograph every week! Such was the nature of his enthusiasm, yet it did not lead him to act rashly or to rush into print. On the contrary, he was a most painstaking scholar, and travelled far and wide to prosecute his researches or to procure the essential materials—or even sidelights—for the particular work he had in hand. It has been truly said of him that "probably no writer on American history was more widely known to librarians throughout the country." The afternoon before his death was spent in the Lenox Library building in quest for data relative to the biography of Mason Locke Weems for an annotated edition of Weems's *Life of Washington*, with a bibliography of the editions of that work, which he was soon to bring to press. Mr. Wilberforce Eames, Lenox librarian, recently stated that as far back as February, 1886, Mr.

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Ford wrote to him that he had already "unearthed forty-two editions of Mr. Weems's *Life* of Washington, and there are yet long gaps in my list which remain unfilled."

It would take much space to enumerate the books or monographs of which he was the author or editor, not to include his many articles and book reviews contributed to many periodicals. In fact, were a single copy of each work placed in a pile, it would make a pyramid taller than a man of great stature. Most of his works relate to the Revolutionary and Constitutional periods of our history, although he did not strictly confine his activities within these bounds. At twenty-three he brought out a large octavo, *Pamphlets on the Constitution of the United States, Published During Its Discussion by the People,* 1787-1788 (Brooklyn, 1888). It consists of reprints of rare contemporary pamphlets which were hurriedly issued by the writers during the intense partisan struggle carried on over the ratification of the Constitution. These he annotated and supplied with a full bibliography of the Constitution (55 pp.). His largest strictly bibliographical monograph was *Franklin Bibliography. A list of Books written by or relating to Benjamin Franklin* (Brooklyn, 1889). The introduction, a monograph in itself of particular value, fills about thirty pages. In the preparation of this volume he examined no less than seventeen public and corporate libraries, as well as Franklin-iana possessed by several private collectors. In 1892 he supplemented his former volume on the Constitution by *Essays on the Constitution of the United States.* These essays were selected "from an examination of over forty files of newspapers and many thousand separate issues, scattered in various public and private libraries from Boston to Charleston." They were unknown by or inaccessible to historians generally, although five of the writers were signers of the Declaration of Independence, seven members of the Federal Convention, and many members of the State conventions which discussed the Constitution. All had a wide experience in law and government, and their contributions are valuable from their statement of facts. In 1895 the first volume of his *The Writings of John Dickinson* (Political Writings, 1764-1774) appeared, edited at the request of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. He had a second volume in preparation, and it is regrettable that he was not spared to complete this edition of the *The Penman of the Revolution* in his masterly editorial manner. Right here we may say that with Mr. Ford bibliography and history were a necessary and inseparable copartnership. In his Dickinson volume he demonstrated by practical application, as he did in other works, the undeniable value of exact bibliography as the handmaid to history. Even the Century Association profited from his bibliographic instinct, since he prepared for it. *A catalogue of the James Lorimer Graham Library* (New York, 1896), in which rare and valuable books were catalogued with true bibliographical exactness. Appreciating that much of the uncritical history of the past was akin to lying, he had no patience with those historians who sought to make demi-gods of imperfect mortals, or who cast a mantle of untruth around the nakedness of ancestry. This he elucidated with no uncertain sound in his *The True George Washington* (Philadelphia, 1896) in these words: "But to all who have studied the creation of a mythology no phase is a more curious one than that the keen, practical American of to-day should engage in the same process of hero-building which has given us Jupiter, Wotan, King Arthur, and others. By a slow evolution we have well-nigh discarded from the lives of our greatest men of the past all human faults and feelings; have enclosed their greatness in glass of clearest crystal and hung up a sign, 'Do not touch.'" He was for "humanising Washington," because, he wrote, "it seems as if the time had come to put shadow-boxes of humanity around our historical portraits, not because they are ornamental in themselves, but because they will make them examples, not mere idols." In his *The New England Primer: A History of Its Origin and Development* (New York, 1897), he gave a mass of new material about that long-lived text-book, and it may be doubted whether any of Mr. Ford's novels are more interesting reading than the vein of humour which pervades his long introduction to *The New*

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England Primer. In this limited edition he presented a very careful bibliography of eighteenth-century editions, so far as discovered by him. A cheaper reissue in 1899 omitted the bibliography, but gave additional information in the introduction which he had discovered in England. The collection of essays known as *The Federalist,* although many times printed, had never been annotated or thoroughly indexed. Mr. Ford supplied this long-felt want in 1898 by issuing a new edition, to which he also added a long introduction (35 pp.), in which he gave an examination of the authorship of the various numbers. The editing of *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1892-1899. 10 vols., 8vo) was his largest undertaking as an editor, which he affectionately dedicated to his father, Gordon Lester Ford, "as a memorial of his aid and sympathy, beyond either description or acknowledgment." For this fine set he personally read and examined thousands of letters from which to make a selection. His introduction in volume 1 (over 24 pp.) is a vigorous historical *résumé* of Jefferson's work and place in our history, and his annotations and bibliographical data exhibit a thorough mastery of the subject. His *The Many-sided Franklin* (New York, 1899), first issued serially in the *Century Magazine* during 1898-99, is one of his best historical works, in which his versatile subject is considered as diplomatist, politician, agitator, wit, moralist, inventor, natural philosopher—yea, in all possible aspects. On April 30 of this year his last work, *Journals of Hugh Gaine, Printer,* was published in two handsome volumes by Dodd, Mead and Company. It is by far the largest monograph ever produced about an American printer. Besides carefully annotating the fragmentary journals, he gave a full biography of Gaine and a critical bibliography of every book, pamphlet and broadside known to have been issued from his press. From 1890-92 he was one of the editors of *The Library Journal,* and was the editor of *The Bibliographer* (Dodd, Mead and Company) from its initial number in January of this year until his death, and a contributor of special articles to each issue.

Dozens of volumes or pamphlets, his handiwork, have not even been mentioned; yet their value, too, is permanent, and they are a constant source of information to the librarian and the scholar. Mr. Ford was lavish in his willingness to aid others in their investigations, or to hand over gratuitously a mass of materials which he had garnered. I have personal knowledge of a number of instances, and was quite staggered once by his generosity when he offered me biographical gatherings relative to the lives of some twelve to fifteen thousand prominent Americans or persons identified with our past history. We cannot give a better apotheosis of him than by borrowing a line from Byron:

"Brief, brave and glorious was his young career."

Victor Hugo Paltsits.

THE BASES OF THE DRAMA

I. The Language of the Play.

To the eye of the novice a printed play would seem to be a story told in a series of conversations; but let him once try his hand at the trade, and he will quickly learn that in play-constructing, dialogue, the word written to be spoken, has been the last of the builder's tools. Indeed, certain masters of the craft go so far as to assert that the perfect play must be susceptible of being rendered intelligibly in pantomime alone, without verbal commentary or elucidation; but while such undoubtedly would prove a strong test of a drama from the standpoint of pure actableness, still, it hardly is an end to be striven for, since pantomime at best is a cold perfection, renouncing the beauty of language and the matchless music of the human voice.

Accordingly, the highest dramatic art will speak two languages, addressing the intelligent sympathies of the audience through the two æsthetic senses by feeding eye and ear at one and the same time

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with beauty. A play always must be regarded as an art-illusion, which many forces working together are necessary to produce. In the creative hour the dramatist who mimes his story in the puppet-booth of his imagination is speaking a curious sign-language which may be called the language of the play, its symbols including painted vistas, objects intended to represent other objects, objects intended to represent themselves, real human beings embodying fictitious human beings, action, illustrative gestures, and last, the accompaniment of speech.

The young playwright with the pen of a ready writer will begin his career by being prodigal of dialogue. Experience, however, will chasten him, teaching him that he is a craftsman employed in the service of public entertainment, working under inexorable rules framed by the theatre-goers of his day and generation. In this present year of grace he is given to understand that his task must be fulfilled between the overture at somewhere about eight o'clock, and the Star Spangled Banner at eleven, and that dinner parties will trample ruthlessly on his opening lines if he ignores their modern hours, while commuters will noisily turn the time-tables on him should he unduly prolong his story. Trivial as such considerations seem, nevertheless they are the conditions of contemporaneous life that help to mould the play's external form. It is to be remembered that of all the arts the drama is ever the most responsive to the popular habit of life, a fact that accounts for most of its faults, many of its virtues, but, above all, for its immeasurable influence. Accordingly, our young dramatist's first lesson, a harsh one, but necessary, will be in economics, and he will study his written story from a new standpoint, ascertaining how much of it should be told by the sign-language of the play, pictorially, by inference, by action, and how little should be left for words.

Time was when life was longer or its habit less impatient, that literature intended for perusal and literature of the stage were closer kin. In those days long, descriptive speeches held the place in play-constructing now relegated to the exhibitory arts. In those simple, unhurried days, you, the audience, were content that the Temple of Mohammed should be indicated by a placard and a declamatory passage. Modernly the placard would excite your derision, the declamation weary you; your eye has been trained to expect some effect of realistic splendour, so that at least a practicable façade and a perspective view of the temple's self must be afforded you. Accordingly, the modern dramatist leaves all his scenic explanations to specialists; his sun and moon are controlled by a Joshua-like electrician at a keyboard, an art-upholsterer is summoned to furnish his *Arabian Nights*. His own part in these delineations is, having creatively projected them (for which give him fully as much credit as though he wrote them up in declamatory passages!), to provide clear directions for their realisation. Do you ask if the drama gains or loses by laying these accessories under contribution for its objective aspect? Gains, and is gaining every day. Were Shakespeare alive, he, with the prophetic instinct of genius, would surely be in the advance guard of those who profit by mechanical devices to visualise the scene. Just as in music the polyphony of Wagner is a development of the polyphony of Bach, so in dramatic art its later-day spectacularity is no innovation, but is a natural development along the lines of general progress. Even in his day of lettered redundancy and stinted scenic opportunity, it is to be noted that Shakespeare never delayed a dramatic moment out of sheer literary wantonness. In Lear, for instance, at a great emotional crisis, Shakespeare compresses a description of the concomitant convulsion of the elements into a single word of direction written in parenthesis in the prompt-book —the one word (STORM).

All said, it is a question of theatric values, and it is by the art-result, not by the means employed to produce them, that they are to be judged. The novelist may exhaust the resources of rhetoric and spend pages upon pages covering his scenery with snow, while the playwright merely engages a boy to throw down bits of paper from the flies, or a man to work the patent snow-machine; the tools differ, but the art result striven for is identical—to touch the imagination of reader or spectator with the white idea of snow!

Inference and suggestion are among the prime factors in the sign-language of the play, and when used aright are dramatically most potent. Think what a fine

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effect is produced in Sardou's *Diplomacy*, when, by a wordless inference, a crime is hunted to its source! Early in the play there is an apparently casual mention of a woman's preference for a certain perfume —apparently, mark you! since one might as well forfeit a lot in the business section of the city as lose the value of a sentence in a play! Later, when the plot thickens, there is a difficulty in discovering who has been tampering with official despatches, and suspicion seems about to fall upon a person whom the audience know to be innocent. Suddenly the investigator pauses, gives a slight sniff, lifts a paper to his nose, and in the change of expression that passes over his face we read without the utterance of a single word that the silent witness of her favourite aroma has betrayed the intriguer. This is great art, and, when adroitly wielded, never fails to awaken a quick response from the audience, whose vanity is flattered by an appeal to the intelligence—an appeal, by the way, whose tax must not be over-subtle, since, however brilliant the several intellects that comprise it, as a mass the intellectual movement of an audience always will be slow.

When pantomime, gesture, or facial expression is thus used to supply a sentence and state a fact, be sure that it is a case of verbal suppression and that the playwright not only has mimed the act, but possibly has spoken the speech before he blots it out. The novice by degrees has learned that the finest things he says in his play are the things for which, perchance, he will get no credit, since they are unsaid in words, appearing in his manuscript merely as pregnant directions, or as lacunæ wonderfully potential in the opportunity they afford for illustrative "business," action that illuminates the situation, a start, a quaver of the voice, a broken phrase or an eloquent pause conveying feeling too great for utterance, thoughts too deep for tears!

When we come to consider the actual turn of words employed in dramatic conversations one generalisation may be laid down: that the play speaks the language of its period. Not only has it to fulfil its eternal office of holding the mirror up to nature, but also it is under social bonds to show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. And that the externals of dramatic art are susceptible to the changes of fickle fashion may be seen by going no further than their opening lines in a comparison of plays of different epochs. Shakespeare, for example, likes best to discover to you an empty stage on to which he sends one, two, or several persons to start the story with a conversation that strikes directly at the keynote of the plot. Witness: *Richard the Third.* London. A Street. Enter Richard Duke of Gloster. "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of York."

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Verona. An Open Place. Enter Valentine and Protheus. "Cease to persuade, my loving Protheus: Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits." . . .

King Lear. Palace. Enter Kent, Gloster, Edmund. "I thought the King had more affected the Duke of Albany than Cornwall." . . .

King Henry the Eighth. Antechamber in Palace. Enter Dukes by different doors. "Good morrow and well met. How have ye done, since last we saw in France?"

Hamlet, the great exception to many precepts, varies this form.

Hamlet. Elsinore. Platform before the Palace. Francisco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo. "Who's there?"

As "the spacious times of great Elizabeth" resounded with the march of large events and echoed with the clang of arms, it was natural that the drama of the day should be conceived in a martial mood and written in heroics. Later, as the country's interests were temporarily more restricted, the play assumed a domestic shape and opened preferably with a matrimonial skirmish. Witness the comedies of the two Colemans, Goldsmith, Foote: *The Nabob.* Enter Sir John and Lady Oldham. "Not a syllable more will I hear! . . . Nay, but my dear . . . I am amazed, Sir John, at your meanness! . . . Nay, my dear, what would you have me done? . . . Done!" . . .

The Jealous Wife. Discovered Mr. and Mrs. Oakley squabbling. "Say what you will, Mr. Oakley, you shall never persuade me but this is some affair of yours! . . . I can assure you, my love. . . . Your love! Don't I know your love!"

The Heir-at-Law. Discovered Lord and Lady Duberdale at breakfast. "But

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what does it matter, my dear, whether I drink my tea out of a cup or saucer? . . . A great deal, my lord, in polite circles." . . .

She Stoops to Conquer. Discovered Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle. "I vow, Hardcastle, you're very particular! Is there another creature in the whole country but ourselves that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little! . . . Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them a whole year! In my time. . . . Ay, your times were fine times, indeed!"

Now we come to a phase of the romantic and domestic comedy, when Cibber, Vanbrugh and others of their often sparkling, but always artificial, school send on to the unpeopled stage a single character to tell the story of his life in a soliloquy, at whose conclusion he slaps his forehead and pensively cries, "Let me reflect a while!" or, looking off, utters the teemful predication, "Here she comes!" Witness: *The Provoked Wife.* Enter Sir John. Soliloquy. "What cloying meat is love when matrimony's the sauce to it! Marriage has sunk me to such an ebb of resolution that I dare not draw my sword, though even to get rid of my wife! . . . But here she comes!"

The Suspicious Husband. Enter Ranger. Soliloquy. "Once more I am got safely to the Temple! . . . Let me reflect awhile!"

The Duenna. Enter Lopez with a dark lanthorn. Soliloquy. "Past three o'clock! But, hey, I hear music! Who have we here?"

The Provoked Husband. Enter Lord Townley. Soliloquy. "Why did I ever marry! . . . But let me be calm awhile! Here she comes!" And so on through a category longer than that of the Grecian ships, of husbands and wives, careless or too careful, injured and injurious, provoking or provoked! Then when the divorce question was agitating France, the French play conspicuously opened with a dialogue between some serving Joseph and Josepha, whereby the particular matrimonial tangle of the drawing-room was disclosed. Fortunately for art, the modern manner is plastic, and while there are certain fundamental principles of play-building that are as perennially operative as the attraction of gravitation, the playwright of to-day sets forth his initial situation unfettered by academic rules. Two brilliant instances of modern openings will be found in *Barbara Frietchie* and *The Climbers* by Clyde Fitch.

The vogue of the stage "aside," in which a character says something to some one on the stage that he does not mean, and then puts his head out of window, so to speak, to tell the audience what he does mean, long since has dropped away. The prevailing idea is to imitate real forms in stage conversations, so far as art may do. The soliloquy that once was an integral part in play-constructing still is used, but sparingly, and its use may be priceless or ridiculous, according to the measure of the art behind it. A speech addressed to no one on the stage, and designed to throw information directly at the heads of the audience, is bad art and no soliloquy, since the audience has been assumed as interlocutor. To take an example from a recently produced and as recently withdrawn farce: a meddlesome lady has to be disposed of, and the husband of her daughter hits upon the expedient of escorting her to the railway station an hour before her scheduled time. After the requisite stage-interval enters the resourceful one, saying with a confidential smile, in the direction of the footlights, "I've left her at the station!" Nothing could be clumsier or more calculated to destroy the art-illusion which farce no less than tragedy lives by engendering. In play-constructing there is an invisible wall stretching from flies to footlights—and what sane man would enter a room and smilingly confide his machinations to a wall! When the soliloquial form is resorted to, it is constructively necessary to subjoin to any statement of fact some reflection or expression of emotion—fear, joy, suspense, resulting from the act. A soliloquy is a thinking-aloud, and people do sometimes think aloud in real life, though less frequently than on the stage, but our thoughts never review our actions for descriptive purposes alone. Always the heart is present, colouring the occasion with feeling pleasurable or sad. The old dramatists dearly loved a good soliloquy for its own sake, and to this philosophic cast of mind we are indebted for some of the greatest moments in dramatic art, where the thinking-aloud strikes the highest note, psychic or emotional, to which the play attains. Im-

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agine *Hamlet* bereft of To Be or Not To Be! How simply, how truly, that moment of self-communing reveals a man's soul while it forges a vital link in the dramatic chain! Some one enters a room alone, brooding over a question that from vague speculation has become the paramount issue of his life. He gazes dreamily before him—at the audience? Never. He is alone! Perhaps his glance rests on the fair prospect on which the windows give—the windows in that unseen wall!—and if a sentry paces to and fro without, if spying courtiers watch him, he pays no heed; to his preoccupation they are but as shadows on the battlements of Elsinore. No castaway on a desert island could be more solitary than this man, for his is the supreme solitude of spiritual isolation. And now a fragment of his musings escapes him and clothes itself in speech, and the unseen witness is privileged to behold a psychic denudation such as only marks a tremendous moral crisis in a life. "That dread of something after death—the undiscovered country!" . . . But, soft you now! His meditation is broken by the entrance of the fair Ophelia. When with words baffling as bitter, Hamlet leaves the maid among the ruins of her shattered love-dream, Ophelia, too, has her soliloquy. "Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!" she cries in excuse for her whilom lover. Then her exquisite plaint, "And I, of ladies most deject and wretched that sucked the honey of his music vows" . . . that virginal confession, tender and pure as spring's firstling snowdrop, how could it be uttered except in solitude! . . . Do you say that in real life such thoughts remain forever unexpressed, even to one's own heart? Ah, but you forget! The province of art is to transcend life's actualities, and give heart and soul a voice! Remember, too, that in the greatest drama that ever has been lived through there came a supreme moment in dark Gethsemane when the heart of humanity cried aloud to the Eternal and voiced his pain in prayer—and what is prayer but a soliloquy!

Because it has a long story to tell in a short time, the language of the play never can be identically that of literature nor of life. Its habit, generally speaking, will be more trenchant and less verbose. The playwright picks up a conversation from fiction, from life, or he invents one, but in all cases he will discard every phrase that is superfluous or merely literary and without direct bearing on the play. Every sentence he will shape that it may carry a portion of the dramatic burden; his very words will be threaded with an eye to associate action, gesture, facial expression. His statements he usually will arrange in progressive form, since an audience cannot turn back over the pages to confirm a previous impression, have no opportunity to hark back in thought to what has gone before. Also, the dramatic sequence of sentences is strongest when climacteric, on the model of "I came; I saw; I conquered!" Had Mr. Markham written *The Man With the Hoe* for the stage, probably he would have rearranged his closing couplet:

> When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
> After the silence of the centuries!

and ended with the line that hits the hardest, both in sound and sense; with the word that spiritually has no peer:

> After the silence of the centuries
> When this dumb Terror shall reply to God!

Above all, the language of the play must be clear, clear, clear! If the dramatist be subtle, like Ibsen, like Ibsen he must be explicit. Though time and typography read doubtful passages into his text, as with Shakespeare, so with Shakespeare there must be no uncertainty about the speech's general trend. And last, but far from least, unless he wishes to be commonplace, the playwright will idealise. Take, for instance, a love-scene: could anything in life be more fatuous or cloying than a love-scene, except for the two participants! An enforced spectator is fain to blush for human nature on seeing the most natural thing in the world, simply because nature never intended it to be seen. On the stage, therefore, it is necessary to counteract this undesirable effect by steeping the colourless sweets of a sentimental exhibition in the rainbow hues of art. On the stage the love-scene must have a comedy twist, or it must be idealised. In Sheridan's *Rivals* the passages that modern management omits, between Julia and her Falkland, impress the reader as dull and talkative, because they lack all saving humour, pathos, poetry;

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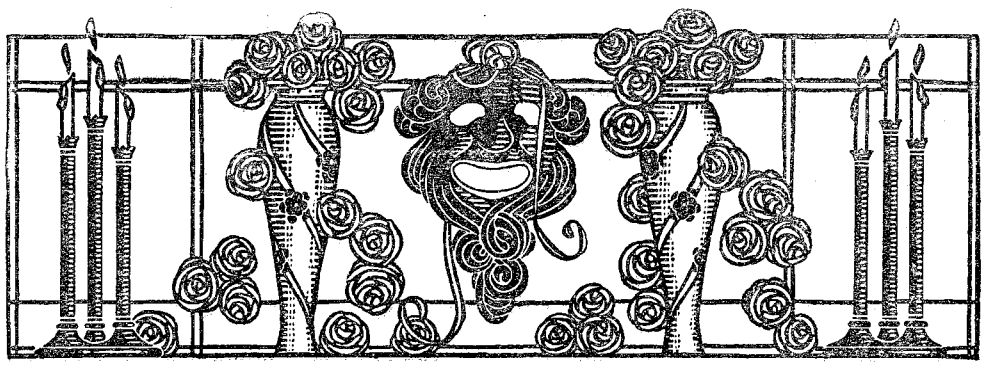
while in the same play the sentimental episode between Lydia Languish and her Beverley will live forever by its enchanting comedy. There is one love-scene that stands out like a jewel from the plays of all ages, immortal by grace of its fanciful, yet human, touch and its divine, poetic quality. The situation is slight enough, and such as happens commonly in real life: two young people are bidding each other good-night and making an appointment for the morrow. The boy is in the garden, the girl is on a balcony, and there is a moon. "Hist, Romeo, hist! Oh, for a falconer's voice! . . . It is my sweet that calls upon my name! . . . Good-night, good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow! . . . Would I were sleep and peace so sweet to rest!" Now, this is not the way people talk in real life, not even when the moon is at the full and they are very much in love; it needed a great poet, a great seer of human nature, so to translate into the terms of art the very flower and soul of love! . . . And that is the highest office of the language of the play: to phrase all the essential truth of life, but with a wit, a charm, an ideality that add to the language of life as we know it—the grace of aspiration and immortal beauty!

Marguerite Merington.



A CLEAR CASE

CYRANO DE BERGERAC AND THE PRINCE OF CORNVILLE.

There still, perhaps, remain many great treasures of art to be unearthed. This although the museums of Europe are full of monuments, statues, bronzes and the like found in the diligent delving of a single century of archæology. In the course of the last hundred years antiquity has surrendered countless weapons, tools and ornaments to the conquering energy of modern research. Schliemann at Troy, Caylus at Rome, Ebers and Renan in Egypt and Syria, discovered much that was beautiful or edifying, so earning the gratitude of all civilised peoples. These are but a few among an army of explorers. Only lately has the French Government made a grant allowing of certain excavations to be continued on the site of ancient Carthage. The work of enriching the present and future with tangible pieces of the past is one of the peculiar occupations of this scientific, investigating age. Nor is that activity restricted to relics made of stone or metal. Papyri and parchments of extraordinary historical value or surpassing literary merit are occasionally discovered.

From time to time documents possessing the last-named attribute to a more or less eminent degree have come from the soil of America, and quite recently was it the present writer's good fortune to obtain a glance at a rare specimen of this kind. The document in question purports to be a dramatic work. It is a product, not of ancient, but of modern Chicago. The authorship, at least, is ascribed to a resident of that city or its environs. The printing would seem to have been undertaken by one Kimball. Consisting of one hundred and sixty-eight pages of folio parchment paper, rough-edged, with the water-mark "John

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Dickinson and Co.," this (in many ways) curious example of nineteenth-century literature exists in the form of a book. The volume has covers of green cloth adorned with gilt decorations, and is provided with a gilt top. In the centre of the fifth page stands the legend in small, but clear, italics: "This Comedy, written at an earlier period as a diversion amidst business pursuits, is now printed for private circulation only. The edition is limited to two hundred and fifty copies, of which this is No. ——."

A pity that the author, who, we see, confesses himself a *dilettante*, should have thus restricted and kept from the public his "Comedy." For it is a composition well adapted to excite emotions of hilarity in persons of either sex, and of any age or condition.

The first scene is headed by the simple stage directions: "An orchard by the sea. Sunrise. Birds singing." Birds frequently sing. By choice many of them sing at sunrise. And they are known to be fond of orchards. But how did they find that orchard on the sandy beach of the ocean? Enter Ideal, "a poet, suitor to Violet," who forthwith shows what an individual of his profession can do even before breakfast. He begins:

> The hour of dawn!—how thrilling and intense!
> The matin songs of birds, that dart and soar
> On quivering wings, now break upon the sense
> As sharply as the cannon's voice at mid-day.

Whether the hour of dawn is thrilling and intense, or whether the song of birds is so when delivered at that time of day, as to this the reader may suit himself; but he is given no alternative when it comes to similarity between the twittering of a sparrow and the booming of a twelve-inch hundred-ton siege gun. The remainder of Ideal's first speech is in blank verse, as about one-quarter of the play is, the rest, including all of the intentionally humorous matter, being in prose, with a sprinkling of quatrains. But Ideal, and, for that matter, the author of the "Comedy," is indifferently versatile in all three modes of expression. In their facility of giving original renderings to thought they are, however, rivalled by Violet, the girl who becomes the poet's bride. The first six pages of the play bring deepest conviction concerning the aforesaid versatility. For in the compass of these six pages we find the following terms used in conversation between Violet and her lover:

"Sweet picture," "sweet flower," "sweet mysterious alchemy," "sweet spirit," "sweet maid," "sweetest reverie," "sweetly growing there," "sweetest herbs."

"Golden beams," "golden age," "golden butterflies," "golden as the sun."

"The pilgrim moon," "the cold moon's slanting beams," "last eve's moon," "O, gentle moon," "when moonbeams glide."

"Wood, sea, and sky," "the rising sun," "nor yet from the sky . . . . nor yet from the earth," "the roseate sun," "dramas in the skies," "radiant skies," "woven of his [the sun's] beams," "hides the sun."

And here is one of the quatrains:

> What pure mysterious alchemy
> Doth beauty chaste as thine persuade
> To sublimate its crude degree
> In sweetest herbs of earth displayed!

Yes, that is one of the quatrains. Another—well, perhaps it were best to give a further example of the prose instead. Here, then, is a prose sentence from the page opposite that on which the quatrain is printed:

"What sweet mysterious alchemy could beauty such as hers persuade!"

The next personage to come upon the boards is Northlake, "a philosopher," the didactically disposed, middle-aged guardian of Violet, who has gambled away all his money, and hers as well, in the stock market. In no other of the world's dramatic masterpieces is the unique psychological phenomenon presented of a man of books and learning making railway shares his principal study. Of equally strange character is his wife, who has run away from him because of her "frensied jealousy," a passion commonly known to produce the opposite effect. Northlake is offered an enormous bribe to persuade his ward to accept the hand of a commercial magnate, Whetstone by name. Whetstone is the mayor of a provincial town, and a liberal patron of science and education. Among those subsidised by him to promote the cause

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of science is Professor Scythe, always ready to instruct while diverting. Asked for a definition of love, Scythe replies:

"With the passionless precision of science, I say unto you, Mayor Whetstone, though she you love is the most symmetrical duplex pyramidal aggregation of atoms in the human saccharine conglomeration, shun love and court science; for by spectroscopic analysis of the light proceeding from the eyes of jealous lovers, I have seen their spleen turning a dark green."

The chief *dramatis personæ* have now been enumerated, with the exception of Fopdoodle, "a fop," and Bluegrass, Whetstone's secretary. The fop overhears the millionaire mayor making love to Violet, in consequence of which he challenges him to a duel—not of pistols or swords, but of invective. We have seen how eloquent the speakers are in the "Comedy," and therefore can imagine that the duel must have been a fine linguistic success. Meanwhile, it is due to Whetstone, the apparent hero of the play, to quote at least one of his speeches. Referring to Violet, he observes to the mercenary, stock-jobbing philosopher:

"I've made you a business proposition that's worth more than all your books. I've got the booty, and you've got the beauty. Is it a trade?"

The author's jocose vein manifests itself in a similar manner throughout the play many more times than the present critic dare avow. Here, for instance, is a charming flight of fancy from Mr. Bluegrass:

"Would that a seamaid I might be made to see."

And here is another from Northlake, the Socratic plunger in margins—a dainty, fragrant thing:

"You could not have chosen a better suit [of clothes] in which to press your suit."

It will be remarked that at the beginning of our description a well-ordered, synoptical scheme appeared to be promised. If that treatment was not carried through, it is because such a plan was useless to the comprehension of this play, the sense of which must forever remain a dark mystery. Nor is the secret object of the author in publishing so many as two hundred and fifty copies of the book ever likely to be revealed. He wrote the "Comedy," he says, "as a diversion amidst business pursuits." A diversion to whom? All one dares to hope is that some day—though, of course, not until many centuries after ours—excavations in the ruins of Chicago will bear the belated fruit of enlightenment to a waiting world—we hope that the archæologists of that distant era will discover such commentaries or annotations of this work as, when deciphered, will enable men to assign the "Comedy" its proper place in the literature of the ages.

Before concluding this article, be it said that Ideal marries Violet, Northlake becomes reconciled to his wife, Bluegrass obtains the hand of Violet's maid, and Whetstone takes his faithful housekeeper, Susan, to his bosom. And it would be unfair to the dramatist to leave unmentioned the scene—which he is so proud of—wherein Bluegrass, assuming Whetstone's voice, serenades the fair Violet (who is listening from her balcony), while Whetstone makes gestures appropriate to the song, and the secretary, besides lending the mayor his voice, impersonates his master's shadow. Be it stated, too, that the ballad in point is even below the par of the average merit of this monstrously absurd so-called comedy, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville," by Samuel Eberly Gross.

The only reason, aye, the only excuse for publishing any criticism whatever of this—this thing—is to make as widely known as possible the nature of the stuff claimed to have been stolen by the finest poet of the day from the worst.

Lionel Strachey.

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A MAN'S WAY

Ask me not this:
To take from thee a single kiss.
Then go, forgetful of the store
Thy lips conceal, nor beg for more.

Yet bid me slake
Mine utmost thirst and so awake?
Lady, no longer should I see
Dawn, noontide, evening, clothed in thee.

Truth hath it still
That didst thou let me take my fill,
Drink down thine every charm and show,
I, like all other men, would go;

But since thou art
Shyness personified, my heart
Runs pit-pat underneath thy feet
And each grudged kiss becomes more sweet.

Come, Springtime, say!
How hast thou known so well the way
To hold me knotted to a thread
When ropes would fail to bind instead?
Thou wilt not tell?
Still do I bless thy woman's spell,
Still, in the fervour of thine eyes,
Scorch me with kindled witcheries.

Mary Olcott.

ALFRED DE MUSSET AND "THE ENGLISH OPIUM EATER"

In his paper on De Quincey's work and literary method, which serves as an introduction to a new edition of the English essayist's books, Mr. Ripley Hitchcock has been good enough to refer to the present writer as having made him acquainted with a little-known translation of *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater,* by Alfred de Musset, and he adds: "Up to the meeting with Ann, Musset's course was comparatively smooth, but that pathetic and innocent relationship was incomprehensible. One can almost see him frowning, hesitating, and finally abandoning his original to substitute a *liaison,* a titled interloper, a duel and a triumphant hero." The announcement in Paris of a definitive edition of *Œuvres Complets d'Alfred de Musset,* in which no mention will be made of the translation referred to, is sufficient excuse to give a few particulars concerning it.

There is not the slightest doubt that Musset at the age of eighteen attempted to render into French Thomas De Quincey's masterpiece, for a single copy of the work, having upon its title-page the words *Le Mangeur d'Opium, par Alfred de Musset,* is still preserved in Paris among the treasures of the Bibliothèque Nationale. The story of the discovery of this unique volume, which for nearly forty years had remained unknown to biographers and bibliophiles alike, is almost as curious as we shall see its contents are when we come to examine them.

One day in December, 1868, M. Charles Soto, a lover of good and rare books, entered a second-hand shop on the quais de la Seine, and, unearthing there

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a small brown-covered volume of one hundred and fifty pages, straightway paid five francs—the apparently exorbitant price demanded for it—and departed in feverish haste. From the date of this incident M. Soto became a monster of intolerable egotism, before whom publishers and booksellers fled as from a maniac. He amused himself by calling at the most celebrated book-shops in Paris and inquiring in a tone of apparent indifference: "Have you Musset's complete works?"

On receiving an affirmative answer he would add: *"Très bien.* Will you kindly let me examine *Le Mangeur d'Opium?* I am curious to know whether it is among *Les Œuvres Posthumes* or *Les Mélanges de Littérature?"* And the booksellers laughed in his face and told him to put his question to *La Bibliothèque des Cigales.* They laughed until the exasperating Soto held under their eyes a little volume on the title-page of which they read: *"Le Mangeur d'Opium par Alfred de Musset."*

For two years M. Charles Soto continued to play his little comedy to his heart's content. He was offered fabulous sums for his little book. But the joy of possession defeated all schemes to deprive him of it. With him its possibilities for egotistical enjoyment became a monomania. Having become *persona non grata* along the quais of the Seine, he visited fresh fields of conquest. We hear of him in Amsterdam, in Berlin, in London—everywhere ready to mete out the punishment of Tantalus to the innocent vendor of books. The Commune at length brought him to his senses. It burned his house, but *Le Mangeur d'Opium* was found intact among the ashes.

The work had appeared in 1828, and was a semi-translation and adaptation of *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater,* by Thomas De Quincey, published in London in 1822. I shall try to show what *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater* meant to the French poet, Alfred de Musset.

Musset at eighteen was affected with a romantic and sensitive desire for narcotics—drugs that would bear his senses beyond the bounds of the material world, and, in an artificial paradise, give to his hallucinations the sensibility of truth. Thus Musset became acquainted with the drug of which the author of the *Confessions* writes:

> O just, subtle, and all-conquering opium! that, to the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that "tempt the spirit to rebel," bringest an assuaging balm,—eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, pleadest effectually for relenting pity, and through one night's heavenly sleep callest back to the guilty man the visions of his infancy, and hands washed pure from blood;—O just and righteous opium! that to the chancery of dreams summonest, for the triumph of despairing innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury, and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges;—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, beyond the splendours of Babylon and Hekatómpylos; and "from the anarchy of dreaming sleep," callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances cleansed from the "dishonours of the grave." Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium!

That Musset was deeply affected by the *Confessions* and was truly sensible of the prose-poetry element of the mystic style, is learned from the curious sympathetic diction of his translation, which concerning his age and ignorance of Anglo-Saxon idioms, is a remarkable effort; but that he failed to comprehend and to appreciate the Englishman's message is obvious where he leaves the original and dashes into a strain of weird comedy which would have done credit to Sardou in is early days, and utterly annihilates the personality of one who, above all others, is most cherished by the lovers of De Quincey—the Pariah-Saint, poor Ann of Oxford Street. Obliterate everything in the original but this creation and there remains enough to give immortality to the author. In her every repulsive feature is veiled in poetic haze; there is no prudery, no phenomenal conversion, no obscene detail of vice; she reposes in the imagination a gracious figure, a Magdalen, but a Magdalen without remorse, without sackcloth and ashes; a dim, fair vision, whose evanescence ever avoids the

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substance of a *dramatis persona.* At one instant she appears upon the scene; her tender, generous nature preserves to existence a poor, wandering boy; then gently, silently she fades away into the past and is seen no more; he waits, but she comes not; he searches, but finds her not:

If she lived, doubtless we must have been sometimes in search of each other, at the very same moment, through the mighty labyrinths of London; perhaps even within a few feet of each other—a barrier no wider, in a London street, often amounting in the end to a separation for eternity! During some years I hoped that she *did* live; and I suppose that, in the literal and unrhetorical use of the word *myriad,* I must, on my different visits to London, have looked into many myriads of female faces, in the hope of meeting Ann. I should know her again amongst a thousand, and if seen but for a moment. Handsome she was not; but she had a sweet expression of countenance, and a peculiarly graceful carriage of the head. I sought her, I have said, in hope. So it was for years; but now I should fear to see her; and her cough, which grieved me when I parted with her, is now my consolation. Now I wish to see her no longer, but think of her, more gladly, as one long since laid in the grave—in the grave, I would hope, of a Magdalen; taken away before injuries and cruelty had blotted out and transformed her ingenious nature, or the brutalities of ruffians had completed the ruin they had begun.

Not a vestige of the above picture remains in *Le Mangeur d'Opium.* M. de Musset probably considered it inconsistent with the interpolation that he wished to add. But the story of the first meeting of Ann and De Quincey is preserved through sheer impertinence, a mere bit of rhetorical riff-raff, meaningless though fantastic, but withal utterly incongruous with what Musset causes to follow. In place of the pathetic lamentation above quoted, the Frenchman injected, as it were, a fantasy that is as absurd to English-thinking peoples as is the translation itself—robbed of the ideal figure of Ann, the individuality of De Quincey and the local colour of Oxford Street:

So then, Oxford Street, stony-hearted stepmother, thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee! The time was come that I no more should pace in anguish thy never-ending terraces, no more should wake and dream in captivity to the pangs of hunger. Successors too many to myself and Ann have, doubtless, since then trodden in our footsteps, inheritors of our calamities. Other orphans than Ann have sighed; tears have been shed by other children; and thou, Oxford Street, has since those days echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts.

As has been said, Musset omits all this, but he gives Ann a much more palpable form in the continuation of his story, of which the following is a brief *résumé*:

Un jour, pendant l'hiver de 1810, l'auteur se trouvait encore une fois sur les longues terrasses de la rue d'Oxford. Il y rencontra un de ses anciens amis, qui dit—"Ce soir je vous amène au bal; c'est un bal à la française."

He goes to the "bal," and beholds without any astonishment a French dance in the heart of London. There he sees Ann again. M. de Musset is thus more fortunate than De Quincey.

On annonça le marquis de C——; il entrait donnant la main à une femme que plusieurs jeunes gens entourèrent aussitôt.

C'est elle!

Elle était pâle et couverte de diamants. Elle le vit en passant, mais sans paraître l'observer ni le reconnaître. Aussitôt, il sorte désolé et sans espoir. Mais deux hommes le suivent et l'un d'eux dit: "Ne vous nommez-vous pas M. de Quincey?" "Oui," répondit—il, "que me voulez-vous?"

"Si vous avez du coeur," lui dit-il plus bas, "trouvez-vous demain à dix heures précises, rue Albemarle, Numéro 6."

Le lendemain il fut exact au rendez-vous. Elle se jeta à son cou—(et tout le reste). Alors elle raconta l'histoire de ses aventures, ses tribulations aux mains de Lord C—— et comment elle avait toujours conservé sa pureté pour lui-même—(c'est à dire le bon auteur, Thomas de Quincey). Il forme le projet pour la délivrer; mais à l'instant même une voix forte crie derrière la porte—"Ann! ouvrez, c'est moi; ouvrez sur-le-champ!"

Le marquis de C—— entre.

Alors commence une scène!

Enfin le marquis va à une petite armoire, et en tire deux épées et des pistolets. Chacun prend une épée, et ils commencent à se battre

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Le marquis est atteint au dessous du bras—il tombe.

Then poor De Quincey is made to take the amorous, yet ever-faithful Ann in his arms and bear her from the room. They find a "post-coach and four" waiting for them below. They enter the coach and travel far away, stopping only while "le bon auteur envoya un chirurgien au marquis blessé."

Thus Ann and De Quincey reunited enjoy many happy years together: "Voilà ce que fait M. de Musset!"

And the *raison d'être* of this sensational interpolation is not difficult to account for. The youthful Frenchman was not aware that he was tampering with an English classic. Baudelaire had not then written of *The Opium Eater*: "Un homme grave, aussi recommandable par la spiritualité de ses moeurs que par la hauteur de ses écrits;" and the youthful poet, doubtless, imagined that he had to deal with the work of a romantic young Englishman, as he himself was Parisian; and he quite probably deplored the seemingly insipid and, to a Gallic mind, unnatural character of Ann as she was in life and as De Quincey painted her; and, actuated by the characteristic hate of his countrymen for all incomplete things, and with an environment and colour as un-English as the original had been un-French, he dragged poor Ann down from the clouds and into the gutters of Paris. Poor Ann! resurrected from simple truth and tranquillity, furnished with the gaudy paraphernalia of the cocotte and served up *à la carte* to tickle Parisian palates!

Walter Littlefield.

THE HOUSE OF THE GREEN SHUDDERS

A Study in Geniality.

The frowsy chamber-maid of the Red Lion had just finished washing the front door steps, and feeling ill natured she dashed the dirty water over Tam Bair-r-r-nie who was passing up the street.

John Gourlay, the biggest and the richest and the most ill-natured man in Barbie, saw her do it and he chuckled to himself, not that he had anything against Tam but that it pleased him to see folk in discomfort.

John was in high feather the morn, for his twelve draymen had been ordered by him to drive as noisily as they could past the house of the Widow Balharrie, who was just convalescing after a fever and for whom the doctor had prescribed absolute quiet.

"I wish I could be in the sick-room to listen to the groans of her when she hears my twelve drays rattle past. Eh, but it'll like give her a relapse."

Five or six men were standing at the Cross when John's hard steppers went by the widow's house but although they knew that the noise would annoy the sick woman they were not so pleased as they might have been because it was Gourlay who was doing it. They could understand his doing the spiteful thing because it was just what they would have been glad to do if they had had twelve heavy drays drawn by loud steppers but they were not men to applaud anything that John Gourlay did.

"I wish it was Gourlay's wife was sick an' us makin' the noise outside her window" said Sandy McSmeddum.

"Yeth," said the Deacon with the lisp that he used whenever Douglas remembered to give it to him. "Yes, I'd like to worry the dirty thlattern if I could."

"Oh, thyut your mouthth," said the Provost, imitating him.

The Provost was in an ill humor this morning just as he was every morning. He was the most ill-natured man in Barbie with the exception of nearly everybody else. But when it came to ill-natured jabs Geordie Douglas was not far behind the rest. There was not a character fit to put intil a buke in his estimation unless he was able to give a good tongue lashing at a moment's notice and as for him he had a supreme contempt for every character. Geordie had written a buke that was said to be the strongest thing in recent Scotch fiction. "So is cheese strong" said the Provost when they told him "but it leaves a puckery taste to the tongue."

It was a well known fact that John

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Gourlay of the House of the Green Shudders hated his unlovely and untidy wife and strengthened his fists on her whenever he saw her of a morning. Punching-bags were not common in Barbie and not likely to be used by John as long as his wife held out. He had one son and a daughter. He could just abide the daughter because she was more a Gourlay than anything else but John looked so like his mother that his father never saw him without making a wry face at him and kicking him through the open or shut window.

The younger John could see things. Show him a primrose by the river's brim and he would fall to describing the Botanical Gardens at Kew. Let him hear a workman using his hammer on the kirkyard fence and he had a vision of a tropical thunderstorm and ran crying to his mother. He could stand the odor of one tulip but three would throw him into convulsions. No wonder that to lethargic, brutal, domineering John Gourlay (dammim!) the extreme sensitiveness of the boy was the strongest kind of irritant. Every few years the old man kissed his daughter Janet; but for the boy he had a withering contempt that kept his upper lip in a constant pucker. . . .

The villagers of Barbie wanted to obtain a water supply from Loch Barbie. If they could obtain the right of way through John Gourlay's land it would cheapen the cost one-half and it would be money in his pocket. Still there was not one of them dared go up and ask him. He had so much nastier a way with him than any of them had, although they were all as nasty as they could be with constant practice, that not one coveted the job of tackling big John. . . .

Finally the Deacon, suffering from acute dyspepsia, felt in the mood to go up.

"Bad morning to ye," Mithter Gourlay," lisped the Deacon.

"A waur one to ye, ye thick-tongued driveller. What's gnawin' at ye now?"

"We want to get the right of way for the new Barbie conduit."

"What's the right of way?" said thick-witted John.

"One of the six best sellers" said the Deacon, forgetting his lisp in his anxiety to perpetrate a play on words.

"There's no cellar equal to that of the House of the Green Shudders" said braw John with a sour glower.

"It'th money in your pocket if you vote for it."

"And it'll disappoint every one in the village if I vote against it. It's worth votin' nay for sic' an objec'. Put that un'er your double tongue and tathte it," said John. . . .

Hot Scotch words followed and it ended by John's planting his brawny fist on the Deacon's leg in such a way as to lame him.

The only good-natured man in the village, the baker, said that he was sorry that John hadn't broken his fist when he hit so religious a man as the Deacon. Of course the baker's good nature was only relative. In Thrums or Drumtochty he could have posed as a scold but at Barbie where the rest were so much worse his comparative good nature exposed him the more to the envenomed tongues of his neighbors. After all a man who is good natured or who tries to lighten the gloom of such a world as this is, gives abundant proof that his liver is in better condition than his head. . . .

John Gourlay's fortunes began to fall as soon as his hard steppers had disturbed the fevered slumbers of the Widow Balharrie.

He despaired of his sentimental son ever becoming a merchant and so he sent him up to Embro that he might be fashioned into a meenister—all he was good for.

If young John learned nothing else at the Univairsity he did learn the use of the bottle; and while under the influence of his potations he wrote a bit of a composition, using nothing at all but words in it, and the fool of a professor announced that he had won the Rab Burns prize, simply because every other composition was twice as long as John's and twice as senseless, if that were possible. The foolish oaf had the impudence to be pleased at having at last done something creditable (to give it so big a name) and he was so puffed up with conceit at his idiotic triumph that he actually went home with pride in his foolish noddle.

He was sure that his father would be glad and old John was glad; so glad, in

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fact that he forebore knocking John down for nearly a minute after his arrival and only vented half his usual spleen on him before bedtime. . . .

It was no little consolation to all the villagers excepting the foolishly good-natured baker to hear that Janet was threatened with the blind staggers, the pleurisy, the pip, the mumps and the chicken pox, and it was hinted at the Red Lion that John's wife had a half dozen of specially assorted diseases, any one of which was sure death. . . .

Meantime young John who had gone back to Embro kept close to the bottle and the bottle kept close to him. And whenever he drank too much Tam Wilson, son of his father's business rival, who was in the same class, would send a telegram to Barbie and the villagers would hold a glorification meeting at the Red Lion and then send the good news to his mother who actually doted on her boy and who hated to hear that he was drinking at any fount but that of learning.

Things had been going from bad to worse with old John's fortunes. A neighbor had given all his horses the epizoötic, and the culmination came when Sandy McSmeddum hamstrung the whole stud. It so happened that the same night John was expelled from the University for drunkenness and came home post-haste.

. . . . Old John was too angry to speak at first which made it all the more terrifying to both John, his mother and blind-staggering Janet. His two eyes gleamed like twin bullseyes.

He had been up on the step ladder mending a rent in a cobweb. His wife would have let the cobweb hang unmended for days but John Gourlay had always been tidy. His hammer lay beside him; likewise his gossamer nails.

After a silence of sixty minutes that seemed like more than an hour he sneered "Ye've won hame, I observe. Dee-ee-ee-ee-ar me. Im-phm!"

There's nothing so very deadly in "im-phm" just to spell it, but to hear John Gourlay say it was to think of slaughter-houses and Verstchagin's battle pictures and Holy Innocents' Day and I don't know what all. The sarcasm of the man was like vitriol on a bruised eye.

"Janet" said old John "get me the bottle of poison, the demijohn of whiskey, a carving knife, a pistol and a hatchet. We'll have fun the nicht. Johnnie has won hame from the Univairsity. He has lairned to be a braw drunkard, and it's monny the drink he'll hae before cock crow. Im-phm three times."

Shuddering and quaking, Janet did her father's bidding. Outside, the postman was peeking in at the strange group, and foreseeing what would happen, he soon left his vantage point and went down to the Red Lion to get the villagers to come up and be in at the death.

All night long John Gourlay poured whiskey into his son's mouth through a funnel and when the whiskey was all gone he poured in the poison; but long before that, Mrs. Gourlay and Janet had passed away, from mere horror of a scene that was to make excellent material for a gloom tale. Just before John was overcome he snatched up a huge Harlequin poker that Geordie Douglas had provided for just this emergency and with it he made a swash at his father that tumbled him off the ladder and put an end to his fortunes. At the same moment the mortgage was foreclosed with a bang and the villagers, led by the Deacon and winding up with the baker came to rejoice over the fall of the House of the Green Shudders.

"Served 'em good and raight too," said the baker, surly for once. "Pity George Douglas wasn't on the ladder when the poker swung up. He's more to blame for the condition of affairs than any one else. He's waur than a week of rain."

"Amen," said the Reverend Mr. Strothers. *Charles Battell Loomis.*

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THE CONFESSIONS OF A HUSBAND

Being the Other Side of a Rather Tiresome Affair.

June the fifteenth.

It is indeed so, my darling, and we appear to be engaged. It is, of course, an extraordinary situation, and I appreciate your adjectives, but you must try to remember that we are not absolutely unique—that there are, in fact, others. Others like me, I mean. I should not dare to assert that there were any more at home like you, as the song says. Home would probably prove a little too strenuous for the average family in that case.

But we shall not constitute an average family—I am certain of it. The fact that in merely setting down the date of our engagement you "drove it into your memory like the nail that Jael drove into living flesh and bone and brain," indicates a certain decision of temperament that promises, I am convinced, a very definite dinner-hour, to say the least. With all respect to Jael, don't you think she was a little rude to Sisera? A trifle *exigeante,* perhaps? . . .

Do you really mean, my dearest, that you are continually "smouldering and sharpening knives and thinking things and humming war-cries under your breath?" You won't mind my saying, now that we are engaged, that I find these occupations a wee bit disconcerting? Of course I shall grow used to them in time—probably before long I shall chide you if you cease to smoulder and sharpen; but just at present you won't mind if I dodge now and then? Thank you.

Your unmitigated, *Dana.*

June the seventeenth.

My Only Treasure:—

Don't you think you are a little unreasonable? Ingenuousness is a beautiful trait—as, I am sure, you thoroughly appreciate—but it has its limits. If you *will* sit in the dark, wrapped up in a lace curtain, and stumble over that convenient dog so opportunely, you must expect to be assisted to the partly perpendicular. You really must. It's part of the game. And, by the way, that lace-curtain effect was particularly taking. Nobody ever tried it on me before, and I may say I went down directly. A girl wrapped up in a curtain is so—but in case you really didn't intend it, I won't put ideas into your dear, innocent little head.

Only, my angel, in case you ever again have the intention of getting out of a suitor's way, don't on a summer night hang out of the window intermittently for an hour talking to him, and then start off for a little run in the garden at eleven-thirty. It misleads the man. And you must inevitably fail to accomplish your object of getting rid of him. I don't know why we should be so intellectually dense, but we are. To get up a tree, subsequently, and sit at the top in the moonlight, is the poorest possible method of insuring his continued absence, I assure you. And when he arrives at the party, so to speak, if that invaluable dog, who, unlike his prototype of the conundrum, seems perfectly able to climb a tree, again causes you to very nearly pitch headlong, common humanity forces a man to catch you. And at that point—try, my divinity, to exercise your imagination a little—one feels that it's up to him. I assure you it is the etiquette of the occasion; there is no other course possible. Ask the dog. I don't suggest your father, because his peculiarly evanescent personality—a kind of now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't effect—makes it difficult for me to take very much stock in him. Honestly, my dearest, is he really your parent or did you rent him with the house?

As you say, "that a man should kiss you when you do not mean to be his wife is a dreadful thing;" but—a million pardons if I am wrong—I had an idea that you meant to be!

Yours apprehensively,
D. H.

June the nineteenth.

Would you mind, Marna dear, not referring to me as "the Man"? It gives me a kind of turn. I feel like the party in Victor Hugo who was wrecked, or something, on an island. Then, too, it doesn't seem a respectful way of characterising a person who has "the bewildering beauty of a pagan god."

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Of course, if it eases your mind at all to continue to put into black and white "that you have promised a MAN that you would be his wife!" don't stop on my account. But why such large type? You couldn't promise a woman, you know. And I appreciate the fact that you are "so constituted that you must express yourself at any proper or improper cost," and that ink is much cheaper, for that matter, in the large pint bottles.

I am sorry that you "feel very strangely and a little seasick." It is a quaint expression; no one to whom I have been engaged before ever used it, that I remember. Try breathing with the motion of the vessel—but, of course, that wouldn't do. I suppose that was what the poet meant when he said that "Love was like a dizziness."

Don't be alarmed about your loving me less if I shaved. I shan't.

That's a sweet idea about my eyes reminding you of a revolving light-house, only—that is—really, Marna, I don't get the dimmest notion of what you mean, the more I look at it.

A little later.

I don't see what you mean at all. Do you think I impress other people in that way?

Later still.

Perhaps that's why I make you seasick.

Yours, *D. H.*

P. S.—I couldn't think of any dressy adverbs that sounded queer enough, so I just said "yours." Better luck next time. *D.*

August the twentieth.

My Most Inscrutable:—

It is probably quite true "your ruby gown, especially the velvet part, understands you better than anything in the world." For heaven's sake, hang on to it! It will be a good thing to have in the family.

I am afraid there is no way out of it: if you marry me you will have to be my wife; and, for that matter, you will have to be my wife if you marry me.

Yours regretfully, but decidedly,
D. Herwin.

September the seventeenth.

As you so felicitously observe, my dear Marna, if you are quite determined to "flee to the wilderness of Womanhood, where no man ever sets his foot," it would be an obvious waste of time for me to endeavour to set mine there. So I won't come down over Saturday. Will you be back by the middle of the week?

Expectantly, Dana.

October the sixth.

My Dear Wife:—

I am glad you admit it. I shall only be gone three hours, and you may write to me as much as you like. Don't forget where you put the notes, though, for when the maid dusts she is apt to confuse things. Of course, I will sign them any way you please, though it looks a bit odd.

Dana, Husband.

Still the sixth.

My Dearest:—

It is, as you suggest, a charming idea to fill your time by writing these notes and reading them to me on my return. And it was like you to kiss the chiffonier mirror where it has so often reflected my mouth. Only, judging by the spot on the glass, you have either greatly underestimated my height hitherto or else you changed your mind and really intended to kiss my Ascot. This is a little thing, but I mention it because little things, after all, make up our life so largely. *Dana.*

Still the sixth.

As you are in the next room, my love, this will not need to be a long note. I haven't read your last, because the dog inadvertently swallowed it. But I feel perfectly safe in replying that I still love you. And, by the way, don't put any more in the clock; ever since you kissed the minute-hand so much it's not worked quite right; and that last note stopped the striking part somehow and I missed my train. It's not that I am jealous at all, but it seems a pity to buy a new clock so soon.

Yours till death, *Dana.*

November the first.

My Dearest Girl:—

I'm sorry, but it never occurred to me that you would write a note on my shaving-pad, and it was gone before I real-

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ised. I am delighted that you find marriage so bearable.

As ever, *Dana.*

November the fourth.

How could I have guessed that there would be a note in my dinner napkin, my pet? I shook it into the soup somehow, and—tomato bisque is such an impracticable soup under some circumstances.

Of course I do. Even more so.

Your Dana.

November the sixteenth.

My Dear Marna:—

It is true I have been away for twelve hours, but I am quite well. In case of any sudden indisposition I will telegraph you.

Apropos, my dear, while it is delightful in you to kiss the postage-stamp, and almost equally so, though perhaps a trifle marked if any one was about, to kiss the post-box, I think that in kissing the postman you went a little too far. You see, he is a married man, and I learn from the cook that his wife objected strongly. In fact, Ellen tells me that she—the wife—accompanies him mornings as far as our box, now. You will deny yourself this pleasure, I am sure, my darling, for my sake. People are so crude—not to say censorious—that I am afraid they will misunderstand my wife, and that would grieve me, for I know your simple nature, my dear, and how innocently you run against the stupid conventionalities of a longer-married experience. Yours hastily,

Dana.

November the twenty-first.

My Dear Girl:—

It seems unwise to cry for five days because I said "yours hastily." I said it because, as a matter of fact, I wrote hastily. It no more meant that I was in a hasty temper than that I was in a hasty pudding. How could you think so?

I am sorry that I cannot conduct my business at home, but it does not seem a practical scheme. I never knew a lawyer that did.

Of course, it is trying not to be able to read the Old Testament with you this Sunday night while your face is bathed in tears and the wind howls dismally through the speaking-tube, but that will be reserved for next week. You must remember that the Old Testament is short, and there will be so many Sunday nights! And I have never been able to get beyond the genealogies in Numbers.

Always, *Dana.*

December the thirtieth.

Will you be so kind as to keep that dog out of my way hereafter? I stooped to pat him, and his head was sopping wet. If you and your father will persist in using him for a handkerchief, at least have Ellen dry him out once a week. He will have rheumatism. It is a most uncanny taste. *D. H.*

P. S.—I see now why his name is Job.

May the fifteenth.

Dear Marna:—

Don't mend the stockings any more, please. You see, you held them under your eyes, and as the tears are constantly streaming from them (of course, neither of us noticed it at the time) the stockings got pretty thoroughly soaked, and shrank so I can't wear them. They were all wool. Ask Maggie to do them. Not that I want you to stop crying for a moment, nor your father, nor Job. Some people think it detracts from the cheeriness of the house; they don't understand that it's just your impulsive way. I fancy it's something like my playing the violin without any training—a little trying to our neighbours, but you don't mind.

I shall have to be away this month.

With love, *Dana.*

September the second.

My Dear Marna:—

I am a patient man, but I warn you the end has come. If you put another message in the *Herald,* signed "M, wife of D," I shall take steps. They are just like those things that begin: *"Will the handsome blonde in pink shirtwaist who got out of Twenty-third Street cross-town car communicate with gentleman in mackintosh opposite, mentioning incident?"*

My sense of humour, of which you complained—perhaps with reason—early in our married life, has entirely gone, and it is necessary for me to take this seriously. Consider, in the first place, the cost of these insertions!

I am sorry to say that I cannot find

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a suitable house, for the landlord had heard how our old one became too damp for safety. He says you would make any house malarial. I guaranteed that you would be perfectly willing to keep the lawn watered in summer—you know you said you would just as soon sit out there—but he said it would give the house a bad name. He said that strangers might get the idea that you really had something to cry about and that I treated you badly.

And he tells me that his wife thinks that Confessions are disreputable things, anyway. She says that St. Augustine's early life was not what it might have been, by a good deal; and we all know what Rousseau and de Quincey were.

So you'll simply have to stop. Cut them right off just where they are, and if you must write, write an historical novel. It will be a little more expensive to advertise, they tell me, but on the whole it's more respectable.

Your (provisional) husband,
Dana Herwin.

Josephine Dodge Daskam.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS

(Born July 24, 1802.)

It is in the nature of things impossible that Dumas's personal character should stand very high, especially at the present time. No one at any time could call him, by the greatest stretch of language, a good man, and it so happens that in the present period of artistic criticism those who might sympathise with him in the levity with which he regarded morals are filled with horror at the levity with which he regarded literature. He at least was a consistent profligate. He was not in the strict sense an honest man, and he was not what is now so much more admired, "a conscientious artist." He held himself free for his own pleasure to do bad actions, and he held himself free for his own pleasure to write bad books. He had not, like so many of our younger æsthetes, merely exchanged the large bondage of ethics for the small bondage of æsthetics.

The whole of Dumas's work and character must remain quite unintelligible unless we grasp this fact of his indifference to the literary virtues. For example, there is now, I believe, very little doubt that Dumas did really employ a whole staff of pupils or secretaries to write whole passages in his voluminous works. There is more to be said for the proceeding than appears at first sight. Undoubtedly, the same thing was done by the great masters of painting, who set their disciples to work upon their backgrounds; and is still done by sculptors, who employ workmen upon the details of a group of statuary. But the more cogent and essential point of the matter is that nothing could better illustrate the difference between the reckless professionalism of Dumas and the worried and careful craftsmanship which is demanded from all artists in our day, quite apart from morality in any other respect. It would be difficult to imagine Mr. Henry James leaving an intelligent clerk to finish one of his conversations while he went out to lunch. Reliable evidence would be required to persuade us that Mr. W. B. Yeats gives out his manuscripts for completion to needy young men in the British Museum. But if Alexandre Dumas did do this we may be perfectly certain that he did it with complete cheerfulness, and, as the phrase goes, "without turning a hair." He might be called a great borrower, a borrower who

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had brought borrowing to a fine art. He was the kind of man who will borrow money from his valet and ideas from his private secretary. But he would, in fact, borrow from anybody if he were driven to it, even from history or from Shakespeare. This indifference to indebtedness, this disdain of originality, cannot but appear contemptible to the current artistic spirit. But, paradoxical as it may appear, there is a great deal about it that is not at all contemptible, that is great, that is even classic, in a classic tradition.

The ethics of imitation in the arts are a matter which requires a great deal more clearing up than is commonly supposed. Plagiarism is with us the most abject of all literary attributes, an act which contrives to confess at the same moment stupidity and immorality. But marking plagiarism lowest in the scale of mean things, and kicking the plagiarist about like a football, leaves untouched one very strange and very solid historical fact—the fact that the great majority of the very greatest men in the history of the arts have been brazen and systematic plagiarists. What is the use of convicting some wretched youthful author before a horrified tribunal of having taken the idea for a novel from some comparatively obscure story by Flaubert or Pierre Loti, when he has it in his power to point out that Shakespeare was as ready to pick up old plots as a rag and bone merchant to pick up old clothes? What is the use of publicly insulting a painter by telling him that he copied the posture of one of his figures from Poussin, when art critics are at that very moment engaged discussing whether Poussin copied it from Raphael, and whether Raphael copied it from Perugino? Why should the modern artist dread above all things a disposition to steal from a set of celebrities, who liked above all things the chance of something good to steal? Why should modern criticism be founded upon this overwhelming and stringent reverence for the private property left behind by a race of highwaymen?

The idea of originality, like a good many other of the bold, wild, breezy ideas of which Mr. Henley and his school are so fond nowadays, would seem to be almost entirely a modern idea; an idea belonging to the age of silk hats and over-education. Homer was not original in the Aubrey Beardsley sense; Dante was not original; Raphael was not original; Spenser was not original; none of the great men were original. They lived in a great tradition of literature. They conceived that they had a claim upon all the wisdom of the world, an intellectual communism. A theme was with them something of what a song is to singers, or a piece of music to pianists, a thing which any one might have a try at. Consequently certain themes, like the theme of the rescue of the lady by the knight; Andromeda, by Perseus; Angelica, by Ruggiero; Serena, by Calapen, became living and traditional things, handed on from generation to generation, and continually reshaped and developed. It is very difficult for a modern person to understand what this situation was and how great a difference it made. Imagine what the state of things would be if any one, anywhere, might write the story of *Diana of the Crossways* over again, not as a parody, not merely as an exercise, not with any change of style or concealment of origin, but simply because he thought he could do it better or as well. Conceive the situation if the first thing that a rising young poet published was almost invariably a reconstruction of *The Ring and the Book*. The change is very great, and it is not quite so obviously for the good as most people have supposed. People are very fond of discussing what is the cause of the comparative dwindling of literary greatness in our time. It may be, after all, that literature is dying of originality and starving from lack of plagiarism. It may be that if we wish to build high we must build more in concert. It may be that if we wish to retain the liberty of elves we must retain their stature.

And Dumas had undoubtedly about him this loose and dubious greatness. Thus he did regard the great material of romance as belonging to nobody in particular and every one in general, just as it was regarded at many of the great crises of literary triumph. Boccaccio, in the splendid springtime of Europe, would no more have called Chaucer a plagiarist for retelling one of his stories than one bishop would have called another bishop a plagiarist for wearing a mitre. Just as there was a common stock of religion, of heraldry, of military

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etiquette, so there was a common stock of literature. Again, in the Elizabethan era, we find the dramatists, the most remarkable minds of the age, living frankly and almost grossly, the life of ragpickers; borrowing plays, lending plays, abandoning their own plays, hacking about other people's plays, until so much confusion has arisen about which poet produced which masterpiece that the less sane people of our own day have even been able to maintain a theory that all the plays were written secretly by the Lord Chief Justice. That darkness, that confusion, that flinging away of a man's own work, that stealing of other men's work, that indifference at the same time to one's own honesty and to one's own glory, is a life-like picture and prototype of the atmosphere in which Dumas lived. It was an atmosphere which would be perfectly impossible to the modern man of letters, who thinks literature the most important thing in the world. The greatest literary works that English history has seen were produced by people who, in their poverty, and exuberance, and will to live, may be said to have despised literature.

Dumas's fame is wrapped in similar clouds to those which wrap the fame of about half of the great Elizabethans. Nobody is quite certain that any idea which Dumas presented was invented by him. Nobody is quite certain that any line which Dumas published was written by him. But for all that, we know that Dumas was, and must have been, a great man. There are some people who think this kind of doubt clinging to every specific detail does really invalidate the intellectual certainty of the whole. They think that when we are in the presence of a mass that is confessedly solid and inimitable, we must refrain from admiring that mass until we have decided what parts of it are authentic; where the fictitious begins and where the genuine leaves off. Thus, they say that because the books of the New Testament may have been tampered with, we know not to what extent, we must, therefore, surrender altogether a series of utterances which every rational person has admitted to strike the deepest note of the human spirit. They might as well say that because Vesuvius is surrounded by sloping meadows, and because no one can say exactly where the plain leaves off and the mountain begins, therefore there is no mountain of Vesuvius at all, but a beautiful, uninterrupted plain on the spot where it is popularly supposed to stand. Most reasonable people agree that it is possible to see, through whatever mists of misrepresentations, that an intellectual marvel has occurred. Most people agree that, whatever may be the interpolations, an intellectual marvel occurred which produced the Gospels. To descend to smaller things, most people agree that whatever lending and stealing confused the Elizabethan Age, an intellectual marvel occurred which produced the Elizabethan drama. And to descend to things yet smaller again, most people agree that whatever have been the sins, the evasions, the thefts, the plagiarism, the hackwork, the brazen idleness of the author, an intellectual miracle occurred which produced the novels of Dumas.

In novels of this kind, novels produced in such immeasurable quantities, of such prodigious length, and marked throughout with its haste of production and dubiety of authorship, it is, indeed, impossible that we should find that particular order of literary merit which marks so much of the work that is now produced and is so much demanded by modern critics; the merit of exact verbal finish and the precision of the *mot juste*. Stevenson would have lain awake at night wondering whether, in describing the death of a marquis in a duel he should describe a sword as glittering or gleaming, or speak of the stricken man staggering back or reeling back. Dumas could not, in the nature of things, have troubled his head about such points as that, so long as somebody killed the marquis for him at a moderate figure. All technical gusto, the whole of that abstract lust for words which separates the literary man from the mere thinker, were certain, through the facts of the case, to fade more or less out of Dumas. The supreme element of greatness in him was what may be called ἀρχιτεκτονική—the power of massing a building. He was a great architect, and stands among his hired scribblers like Sir Christopher Wren among the masons at work upon St. Paul's. The idea that he did actually publish books written in detail by others

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is very much borne out by the fact that nothing is more noticeable in his work than that its talent is chiefly shown in the planning of an incident or a series of incidents. Without going into any of the actual examples, we can ourselves imagine the class of eventualities which are the glory of Dumas's romances; and

ALEXANDRE DUMAS. DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG.

we can imagine Dumas planning them out as a general plans a campaign. We can imagine him telling a secretary, as he went out for the day, that the two cavaliers were to go to six inns, one after another, and find in each a huge banquet prepared for them by an unknown benefactor, or a man in a mask seeking to fix a quarrel upon them. We can imagine

him scribbling on a loose piece of paper a list of six Royal Princes, each of whom in succession was to be summoned by the King to assist him against an assassin, and each of whom in turn was to turn his sword against the King. It was in this dramatic sequence that Dumas was greatest and most readable; he excelled in a kind of systematic disaster and a kind of orderly crime. He was, after all, a Frenchman in more ways than one, and with all his violence, worldliness and appetite there remains in his work something fundamentally logical. The man who made the finest scenes in his romantic writings turn on tangles of relationship, like the triple duel which opens *The*

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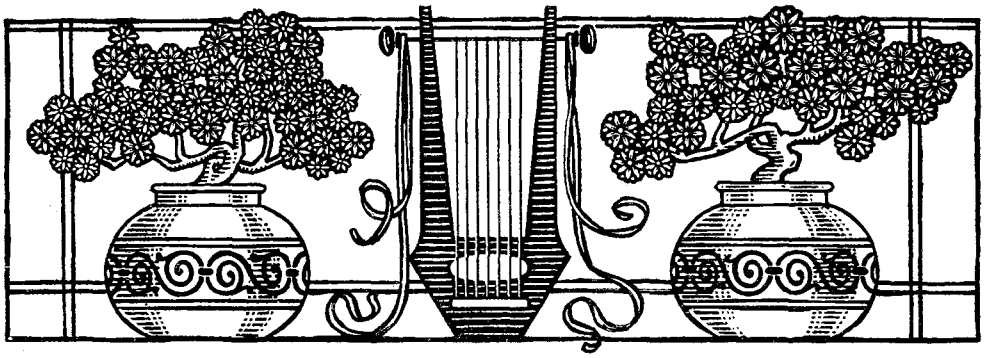
Three Musketeers, had almost the mind of a mathematician.

This structural, systematic, almost numerical method of Dumas's is really important as throwing some light on the conditions which produce romance so popular and so great as his. There is a very general notion in existence that romance depends upon the unexpected. This is altogether an error: romance depends upon the expected. Unless the elements already existing in the story point to and hint at more or less darkly, but more or less inevitably, the thing that is to follow, the mere brute occurrence of that thing, without rhyme or reason, does not either excite or entertain us. The theory that romance depends upon the unexpected could, of course, be easily refuted by a *reductio ad absurdum.* Nothing in the world is so difficult as to catch and put into printed words the true spirit of romance; but nothing in the world could be so easy as to introduce into a story something that was unexpected. Anybody could make a mad bull enter the drawing-room in the middle of one of Miss Fowler's epigrammatic conversations, or make one of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's stories end abruptly with the blowing of the trump of the Resurrection. Nothing could be more unexpected than these things would be; but they would not excite us; they would bore us like the conversational rambling of an idiot in a cell. Romance depends, if not absolutely upon the expected, at least upon something that may be called the half-expected. The true romantic ending is something that has been prophesied by our sub-consciousness. We feel the spirit of romance when Ulysses springs upon the table, his rags falling from him, and shoots Antinous in the throat. It would be much more unexpected, if that were all, if he turned three somersaults in the air and announced that he was only Ulysses's ship's carpenter playing a practical joke. Similarly, we feel the spirit of romance when D'Artagnan joins his three adversaries in turning their swords against the musketeers of the Cardinal. It is not unexpected that the four should thus get into a fight together. The most unexpected thing one can imagine in Dumas would be that they should not get into one.

Dumas's ἀρχιτεκτονική therefore, his large scheme of orderly and successive adventures, is his great merit as an artist. He had the power of making us feel that his heroes were moving parts of a great scheme of adventures, a scheme as wide, as politic, as universal and sagacious as one of the plots of his own Cardinal Richelieu. And it is in this that almost all his imitators fail; they imagine that his triumph consisted in the swaggering inconsequence of his events, in innumerable drawn swords; in ceaseless torrents of blood; in the mere multiplication of cloaks, and feathers, and halberds, and rope ladders. These things are not romance: here, as everywhere, materials and materialism mislead us. Dumas was a great romanticist, because he had the sense of something solid and eternal in old valour, in old manners, in old friends. But a mere drawn sword is no more poetical than a pocket-knife. A mere dead man is not in any sense so dramatic as a living one. Men who find no romance in life will certainly find none in death.

G. K. Chesterton.



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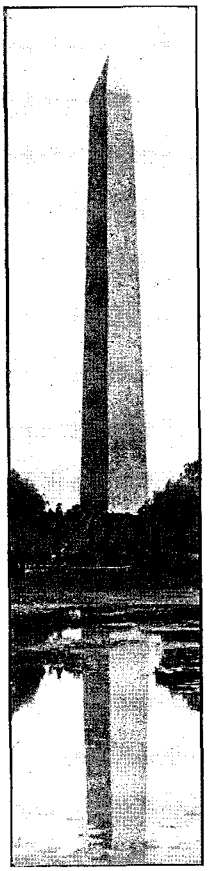
WASHINGTON IN FICTION

I. Introductory.

Washington, more than any other city in the country, lends itself to the imagination; yet, curiously enough, the novelists to whom it has appealed as a background for romance are few in number. This may be, perhaps, because of the difficulty of making a composite picture of a life so kaleidoscopic. But in such fiction as there is we find political and social life depicted with a vividness which makes real the imaginary characters who become as much a part of the city life as the actual persons now making current history.



For many years Washington has had a certain literary prestige because of the brillian writers who at one time or another made it their home. Among them were novelists, the scenes of whose fiction, however, were for the most part away from the capital. N. P. Willis, Poe, Motley, Bancroft, Cooper and Irving belong to the Washington of the past; Mark Twain—though still very much of the present—is, in a Washington sense, of this group, and the only man among them to depict the town in fiction. The Washington chapters of *The Gilded Age* are, we fancy, much the result of observation.

To Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth belongs the distinction of being the only *bona-fide* Washington novelist. This prolific writer of fiction—she wrote during forty years some sixty novels—was a native of Georgetown, where she lived in a picturesque cottage until her death in 1899. In many of her stories, notably *Fair Play, Winning Her Way, How He Won Her, Self-Raised, Ishmael* and *Retribution,* we get glimpses of early Washington days. *Retribution,* her first novel, was published in the *National Era,* a famous newspaper with a long list of distinguished contributors, not the least of whom was Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who brought out *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in its columns.

Washington at a little later period we find in the fiction of Mr. J. W. DeForest, whose *Honest John Vane, Justine's Lovers* and *Playing the Mischief* are well remembered. The public scandals of the time, affecting even such men as Mr. Blaine and Mr. Garfield, give a sombre colour to the last of these novels.

The atmosphere of modern Washington, political and social, appealed to that brilliant woman, Mrs. Atherton, who has given us her strongest novel in *Senator North.* By many it is claimed that the best work from the pen of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is *Through One Administration.* A novelette of this class is Julien Gordon's *The Wage of Character.* From the man's point of view we get political Washington in Mr. Low's *The Supreme Surrender;* touches of it in Judge Grant's *Unleavened Bread* and Mr. Wheelwright's *A Child of the Century;* while *Democracy,* published anonymously some twenty years ago, in a delightfully satirical fashion lays bare the national political machine. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor, in *The Vice of Fools,* cleverly depicts certain phases of the political and social life, albeit he merely uses politics as a background. Other phases of this many-sided city we find in Mrs. Dahlgren's *Washington Winter,* Miss Magruder's *Across the Chasm,* Pauline Bradford Mackie's *The Washingtonians* and Winston Churchill's *The Crisis.*

II. From Capitol Hill to the Monument.

The fiction of Washington being largely given to things political, it is nat-

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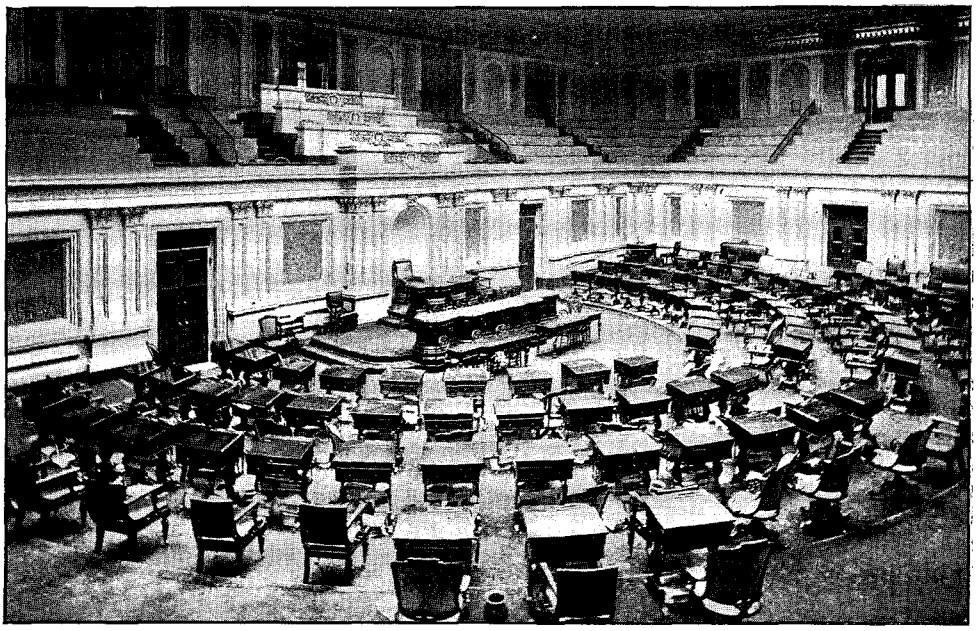
ural to find the Capitol a centre of operation to the men and of attraction to the women whom the novelists have created. In *The Gilded Age* Mark Twain—or is it Charles Dudley Warner?—gives us an inimitable description of the Capitol—first impressions of it and the city generally, and considerable amusement is to be derived from viewing the public buildings under their guidance. Because of the variableness of the climate, they direct that you "take an umbrella, an overcoat and a fan and go forth. . . . First you glimpse the ornamental upper works of a long, snowy palace projecting above a grove of trees, and a tall, graceful white dome with a statue on it surmounting the palace, and pleasantly contrasting with the background of blue sky. That building is the Capitol; gossips will tell you that by the original estimates it was to cost $12,000,000, and that the Government did come within $27,200,000 of building it for that sum."

In *Senator North* Mrs. Atherton shows us the Capitol through Betty Madison's eyes—Betty, who, though Washington-born and bred, had never entered the building until her sudden embarkation on the political sea. Selma White (Grant's *Unleavened Bread*) as the bride (her third experiment in matrimony) of Congressman Lyons, went to Washington, where her emotions upon seeing the Capitol were quite in keeping with the intense pose she invariably maintained:

> They went up to the gallery of the House of Representatives and looked down on the theatre of Lyons's impending activities. . . . Selma pictured him standing in the aisle and uttering ringing words of denunciation against corporate monopolies and the money power. . . . On their way down they scanned with interest the statues and portraits of distinguished statesmen and heroes, and the representations of famous episodes in American history, with which the walls of the landings and the rotunda are lined. "Some day you will be here," said Selma; "I wonder who will paint you or make your bust? I have often thought that if I had given my mind to it, I could have modelled well in clay. Some day I'll try. It would be interesting, wouldn't it, to have you here in marble with the inscription underneath, 'Bust of the Honourable James O. Lyons, sculptured by his wife'?"



"The great Senate chamber looked very sumptuous with its ninety desks and easy-chairs, and a big fire beyond an open door."—*Mrs. Atherton's "Senator North."*

"The place seems consecrated to great affairs."

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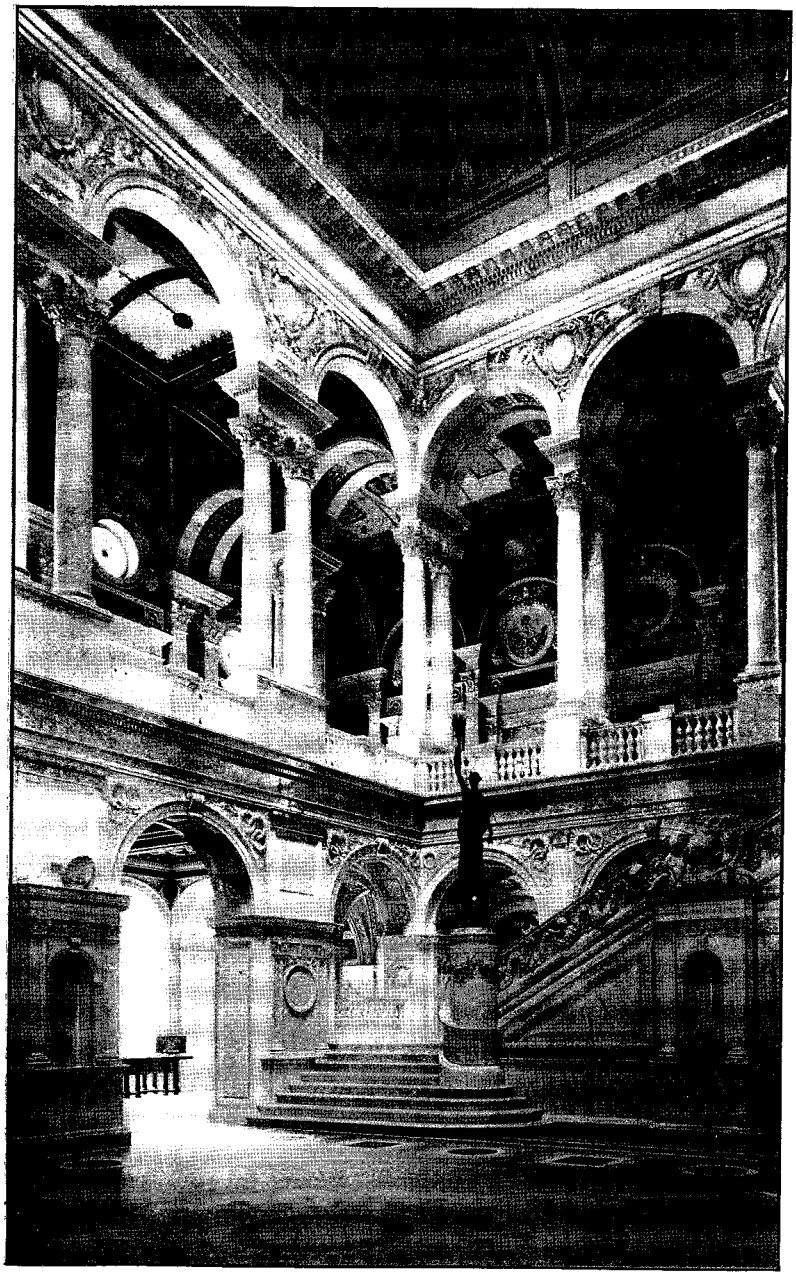
By which it will be seen that Selma was as zealous as ever in wifely devotion.

We do not find the interior of the Capitol taken so seriously in *The Gilded Age*, wherein we are warned not to go to the dome, "because to get there you must pass through the great rotunda, and to do that you would have to see the marvellous historical paintings that hang there and the bas-reliefs—and what have you done that you should suffer this?"

Fictional interest in the Capitol centres in the floor of the Senate, where to the imaginative the men of fact give way to the men of fancy. Here we see North, "who stood to the country as the embodi-



"That Library's the most beautiful buildin' I ever saw in all my seventy-two years."—*Mrs. Atherton's "Senator North."*

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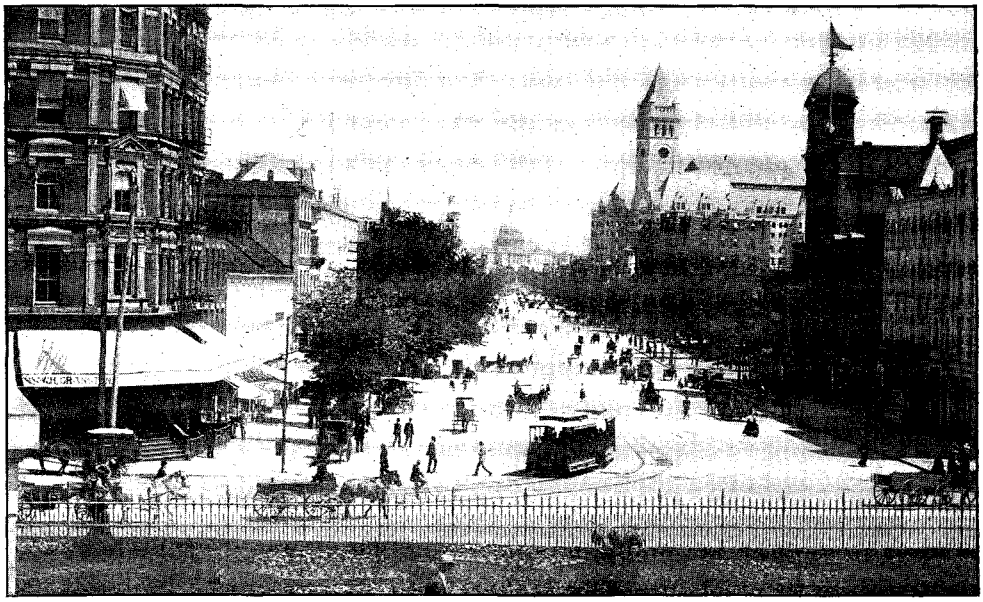
ment of its conservative spirit" (Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North*) in the exciting days which followed the destruction of the *Maine,* fighting with his great intellect to preserve the country from a war which even his statesmanship was powerless to avert. Of the Senate Chamber of the momentous 19th of April we have in this novel a graphic picture.

At an earlier period in Congressional affairs the imaginary Senator Dilworthy (*The Gilded Age*) was conspicuous on the floor of the Senate, as was Ratcliffe (*Democracy*), the Senator from Illinois, "privy councillor," as was Dexter, a fictitious character who is a thinly disguised portrait of a man conspicuous to-day in Senatorial affairs. The Congressional Library is described by a countryman as "the most beautiful buildin' I ever saw in all my seventy-two years. I've been twice a day to look at it, and it makes me feel proud to be an Amurrican" (*Senator North*).

Below the Capitol southwestward stands the Smithsonian Institute, which is identified with Professor Herrick (Mrs. Burnett's *Through One Administra-*



"The broad Pennsylvania Avenue, stretching ahead for a mile or more."—*Mark Twain and Warner's "The Gilded Age."*

who prided himself on a certain resemblance to Webster and a distant relationship to the expounder of the Constitution. Here, too, were to be found—though far more often in their committee rooms—the men of Edith Chester's "privy council" (Low's *The Supreme Surrender*). "In the Senate," she explains to the wondering Laura, "every man thinks he is a boss, but really they do what a few men tell them to—generally not more than half a dozen—and these father and I call the privy council. When a Senator becomes a member of the privy council he is at the top; he's such a big man that even the President has to be very nice to him." Laughton, of this novel, was a *tion*), and near by is the market, of which we find a picturesque description in *The Washingtonians* when Portia goes there to lunch with Greenleaf. It is interesting to know that this novel is founded on fact, and the characters are easily identified by any one familiar with the career of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, who figures as its heroine. The portraits of her celebrated father, Salmon P. Chase, "Phineus West," and of Horace Greeley, "Greenleaf," are particularly noteworthy. The atmosphere of "Edgwood," the country home of Chase, permeates the book. For recollections of those interesting days, when the fascinating Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague held the political

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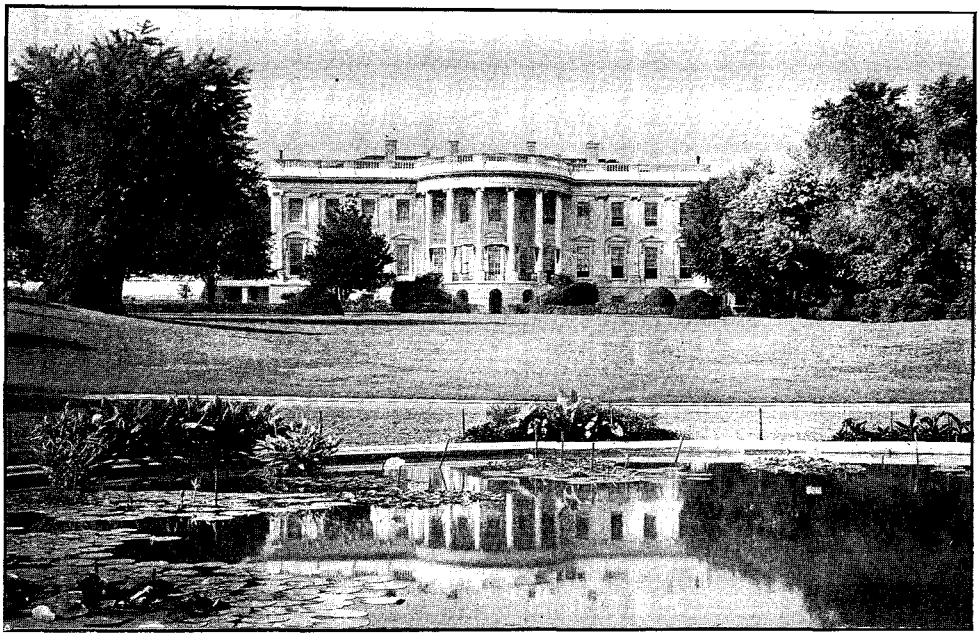
destiny of her father in her hand, the author of *The Washingtonians* is indebted to Mrs. Walbridge, a niece of the Chief Justice, who was for long periods a member of his household.

Wandering along Pennsylvania Avenue, we turn up Tenth Street for a glance at the site of the old Ford's Theatre, of which we are given a description in *The Washingtonians* on a gala night when President Lincoln and his wife attended the play. This, however, is not the fatal night. From here it is but a short distance up the avenue to Willard's, a famous hotel, which in the old days "sheltered a strangely mixed society. There at almost any hour of the day were to be found prominent men, and there was always a stream of people passing between Willard's and the White House." Shades of the immortal Colonel Sellers (*The Gilded Age*) hover about the house, and we seem to see him at the door, the centre of a group of loungers, talking patronisingly of the President, with whom he claimed to be on intimate terms, and discussing national affairs in picturesque language, which he embellished to suit the demand.

III. In and About Lafayette Square.

The novelists have placed many of the scenes of their stories in and about Lafayette Square. This part of residential Washington appeals through its rich historic interest. First, here is the White House. The authors evidently do not feel called upon to give any description of the Executive Mansion, with the exception of Mark Twain, who in *The Gilded Age* shows it to us through the eyes of Washington Hawkins . . . "a fine, large, white barn, with wide, unhandsome grounds about it. The President lives there. It is ugly enough outside, but that is nothing to what it is inside." This was the White House of early days. When Dickens, on his visit to the capital, saw it, it impressed him as "more like an English club-house, both within and without, than any other kind of establishment with which I can compare it." But if the exterior, in fiction, is taken for granted, the interior comes in for a considerable share of attention, particularly the East Room. Betty Madison (Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North*), it will be remembered, attended an Army



"The house of the Presidents, with its beautiful portico and its broad wings."—*Winston Churchill's "The Crisis."*

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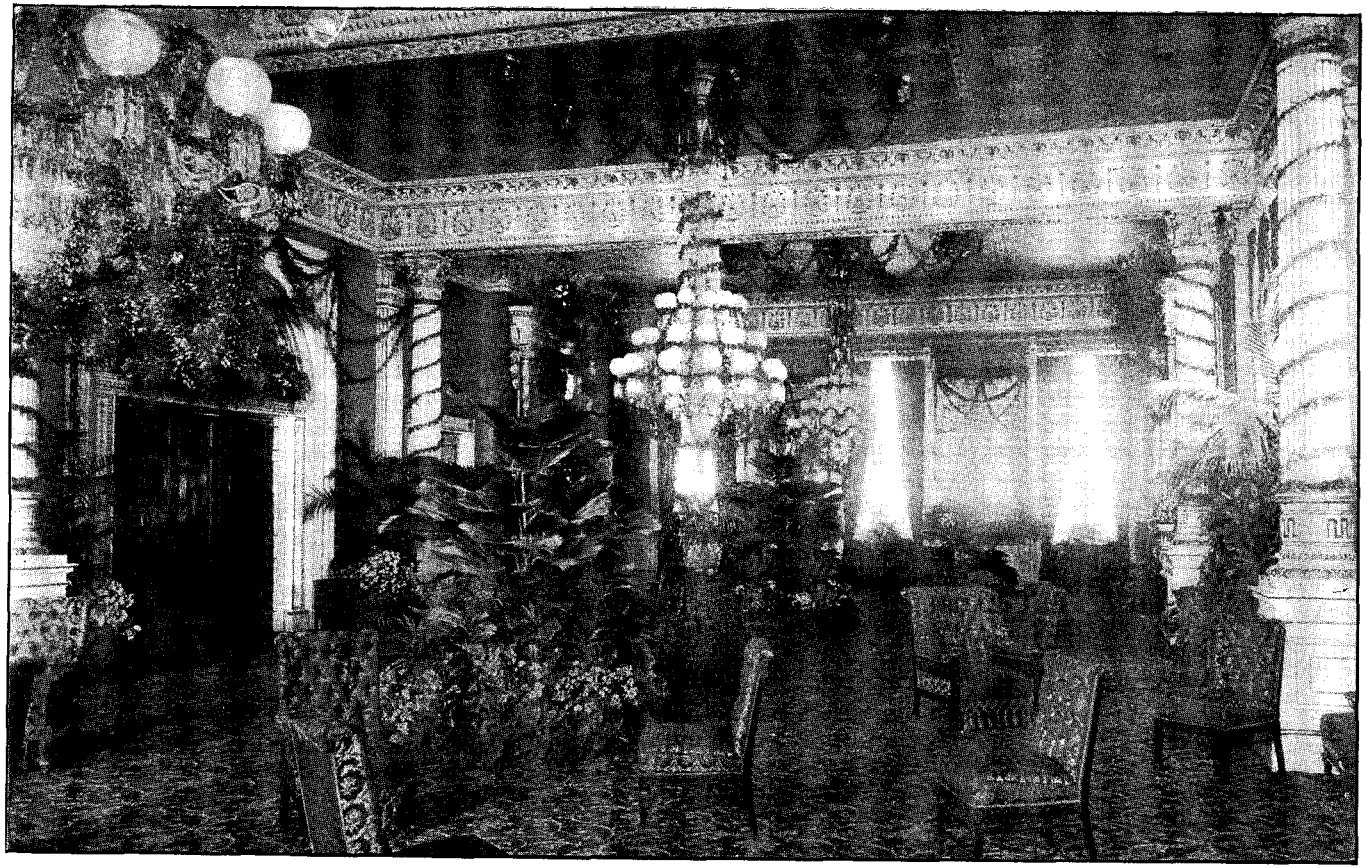

"The East Room, where the President and his wife . . . . were submitting to the ordeal of receiving the nation."—*Grant's "Unleavened Bread."*

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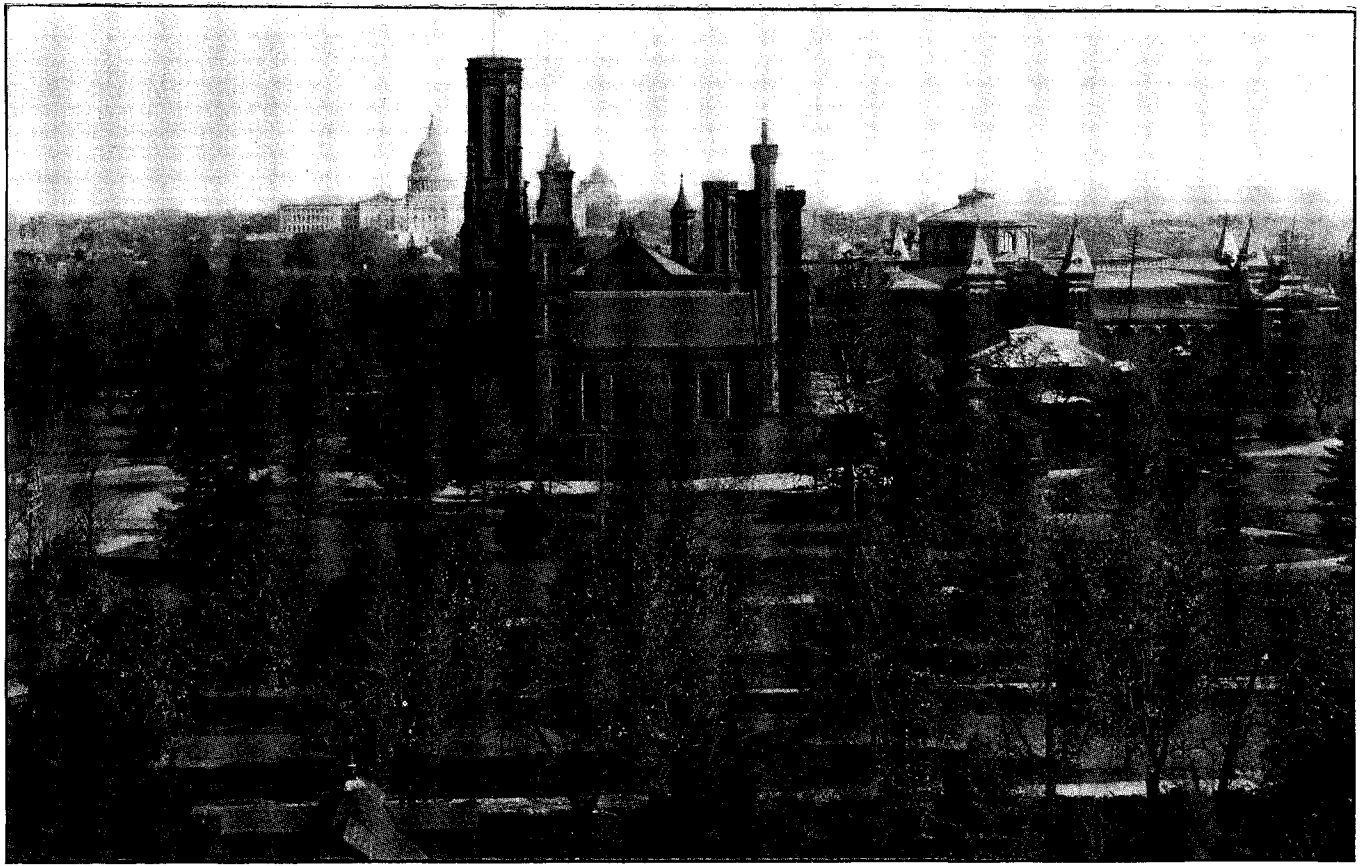

"He had taken him to the Smithsonian and rambled from room to room with him."—*Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration."*

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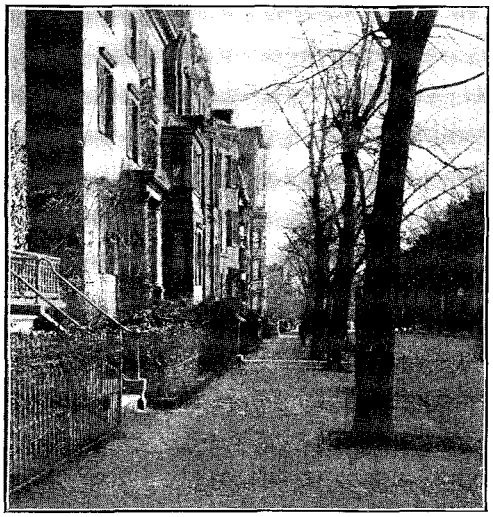
and Navy reception with the Montgomerys:

It was the first time Betty ever had entered the historic mansion, and as she waited for twenty minutes in the crush of people on the front porch, she reflected that probably it was the last. But when she was in the great East Room, which was hung with flags and glittered with uniforms, and was filled with the strains of martial music, she thrilled again with the historical sense, and almost wished there was a prospect of a war which would compel her to patriotic excitement.

In *Democracy* the fastidious Mrs. Lee



"Mrs. O'Hara and her daughter were living in a house in I Street."—*Wheelwright's "A Child of the Century."*

attended a reception which interested, yet shocked, her because of which seemed to her its mockery. We are told that, entering the reception room with the crowd,

Madeline found herself before two seemingly mechanical figures, which might be wood or wax, for any sign they showed of life. These two figures were the President and his wife; they stood stiff and awkward by the door, both their faces stripped of every sign of intelligence, while the right hands of both extended themselves to the column of visitors with the mechanical action of toy dolls. . . . What a strange and solemn spectacle it was, and how the deadly fascination of it burned the image in upon her mind! What a horrid warning to ambition! And in all that crowd there was no one beside herself who felt the mockery of this exhibition.

There is a more brilliant picture of the East Room in Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's *The Vice of Fools*, wherein he describes a reception to the Diplomatic Corps:

In spite of the democratic simplicity of the ceremony there was considerable delay before the ambassadors and envoys, the secretaries and attachés, together with their wives and daughters, were sorted out and arranged in their proper places. Meanwhile, phlegmatic Teutons and reticent Britons, swarthy Northmen and saffron-skinned Celestials jostled each other good-naturedly, while impetuous Franks and imperious Spaniards, diminutive Japs and arrogant Slavs chattered in their several tongues and posed resplendent in the costumes of their several lands. There were the flowing robes of Oriental envoys, the gilded epaulets and clanking side-arms of Occidental attachés, mingling with the diplomatic dresses of many courts, some modest and simple like those of England, others of feudal splendour, glittering with jewelled crosses, sashes with the cordons of chivalric orders—the gorgeous liveries of imperial masters.

Selma White (Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread*), filled with importance at being a Congressman's wife, learns astonishing things anent social Washington from Flossie Williams, whom she encounters at a White House reception. It was to be expected that Selma would take Washington with immense seriousness—a function at the White House most seriously of all—and she was inwardly resentful when the sprightly and very "smart" Flossie assumed a flippant tone regarding the character of the entertainment. "Of course, the President is a dear," commented Flossie, "and every one makes a point of attending a public reception once in a while, but this sort of thing isn't exactly an edifying society event."

Few titles of recent years have aroused more discussion than that of *Unleavened Bread*. Judge Grant gave the present writer this explanation: "Regarding the title *Unleavened Bread*, it occurred to me as a suitable characterisation of a personality which was without the inspiration of leaven, and hence was flat, hard

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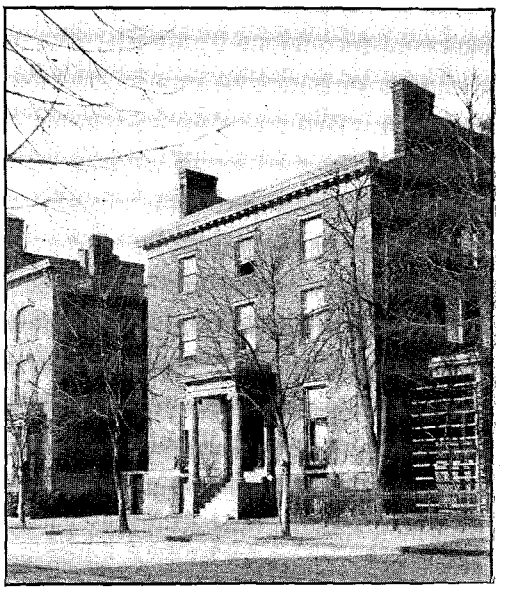
and half-baked. But it appears that leaven in the strict Biblical sense—the leaven of the Pharisees—is an evil quality and that the fermentation produced by it is an evil process, which is a totally opposite interpretation to the every-day use of 'unleavened' as meaning something which has not risen. 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump' suggests the yeast of righteousness and new life, but to those who regard 'unleavened' as a condition from which evil is absent, my use of the title has occasioned perplexity."

In *The Crisis* we have a picture of the White House drawn in sombre colours. Virginia Carvel has journeyed from St. Louis to beg from the "Black Republican President" the life of her condemned cousin.

Through beautiful Lafayette Square flit many phantoms. Colonel Trendennis and Arbuthnot (Mrs. Burnett's *Through One Administration*) frequently strolled and sat there. So, too, did Sybil Ross (*Democracy*), while the place is the scene of an amusing incident in *The Washingtonians*. Colonel Selby (*The Gilded Age*), crossing the Square to call on Senator Dilworthy, finds himself "looking at the remarkable figure of the Hero of New Orleans, holding itself by main strength from sliding off the back of the rearing bronze horse, and lifting its hat in the manner of one who acknowledges the playing of that martial air, 'See, the Conquering Hero Comes.'" To just which house the Colonel was going we do not know, but the mansion of the Senator is described as

> Sumptuous . . . rich carpets, beautiful pictures on the walls; books on religion, temperance, public charities and financial schemes; trim coloured servants, dainty food—everything a body could wish for. And as for stationery, there was no end of it; the Government furnished it; postage stamps were not needed—the Senator's frank could convey a horse through the mails, if necessary. And there Washington Hawkins saw such dazzling company! Renowned generals and admirals, who had seemed but colossal myths when he was in the far West, went in and out before him or sat at the Senator's table, solidified into palpable flesh and blood; famous statesmen crossed his path daily; that once rare and awe-inspiring being, a Congressman, was become a common spectacle—a spectacle so common, indeed, that he could contemplate it without excitement, even without embarrassment; foreign ministers were visible to the naked eye at happy intervals; he had looked upon the President himself, and lived.

Though the author of *Democracy* is indefinite as to the actual house, we know that the one chosen by Mrs. Lee for the residence of herself and Sybil was on this Square. So also is the quaint old residence described in *The Washingtonians* as the home of the Polonskis, occupied to-day by Senator Hanna.



The home of Senator North.—*Mrs. Atherton's "Senator North."*

A few doors away lived Victoria Dare (*Democracy*), and somewhere near was the home of Mrs. Sylvestre (*Through One Administration*), though Mrs. Burnett says she had no particular house in mind.

At the corner of the Square and H Street is the Arlington Hotel, where Gore lived (*Democracy*), while next door to it is the stately mansion described as the home of Senator Laughton (Low's *The Supreme Surrender*). We glance somewhat sadly at the doorway, remembering that there the unhappy man was shot—a welcome enough death, no doubt, to one who had been robbed of all he held most dear. In his drawing of

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Laughton, who is wholly fictitious, Mr. Low gives us a man, senatorially, of the highest type. The house in which lived this imaginary character is of further literary interest as having been the abiding place of "Owen Meredith" during his stay in Washington. It was then the British Embassy, and occupied in 1849 by Sir Henry Bulwer. Young Bulwer acted as private secretary to his uncle, and it frequently has been asserted that he wrote *Lucile* in this house.

At the corner of Sixteenth Street is fashionable St. John's—sometimes called

JACKSON STATUE, LAFAYETTE SQUARE.

"The Hero of New Orleans holding itself by main strength from sliding off the back of the rearing bronze horse."—*Mark Twain's "The Gilded Age."*

the "Church of State," attended by many of the characters in Washington fiction. Edith Wentworth (Low's *The Supreme Surrender*), initiating Laura into the mysteries of Washington life and people, says of Mrs. Campbell Stafford:

> She goes everywhere; she even has a pew at St. John's. Did you ever hear the Lincoln story about St. John's? A man went to him who wanted a commission in the army. He had endorsements from members of the Cabinet and everyone else. President Lincoln looked them over and told him that they were too good to waste on a mere army commission; he ought to use them to get a pew at St. John's.

Across from the church is the residence of the Secretary of State, John Hay.

In H Street, at the corner of Connecticut Avenue, is the house which Mrs. Atherton had in mind as the home of her Senator North—a house in appearance characteristic of the man who occupied it. A square away is the Metropolitan Club, identified with the characters in Mr. Chatfield-Taylor's *The Vice of Fools,* and with Sewell, the hero of Mr. Wheelwright's *A Child of the Century.* Enfield and Laughton (*The Supreme Surrender*) also were members, and dined there together on the night Laughton was shot. "Their dinner was frequently interrupted," we are told, "by members who came over to their table to congratulate Laughton on his speech, which was still ringing in the ears of Washington."

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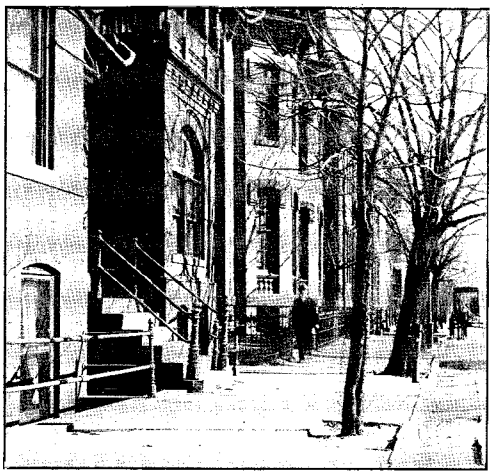
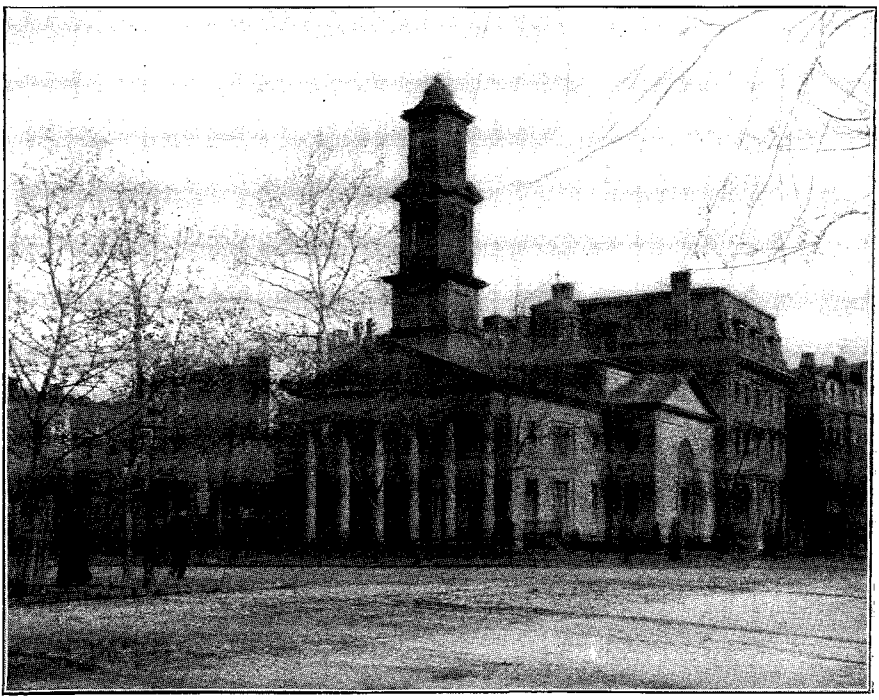


"The shabby little house in the shabbier street."
—*Julien Gordon's "The Wage of Character."*

The home of Senator Laughton.—*Low's "The Supreme Surrender."*

IV. From McPherson Square to Dupont Circle.

The McPherson Square neighbourhood is identified with the scenes of Mrs. Atherton's *Senator North.* In the centre of the Square is the statue of General McPherson, to which Sally Carter was alluding when she said to Betty Madison: "I only love men when they are in bronze in the public parks. Poor, dear old General Lathom proposed to me four



ST. JOHN'S. THE CHURCH OF STATE.

"She goes everywhere; she even has a pew at St. John's."—*Low's "The Supreme Surrender."*

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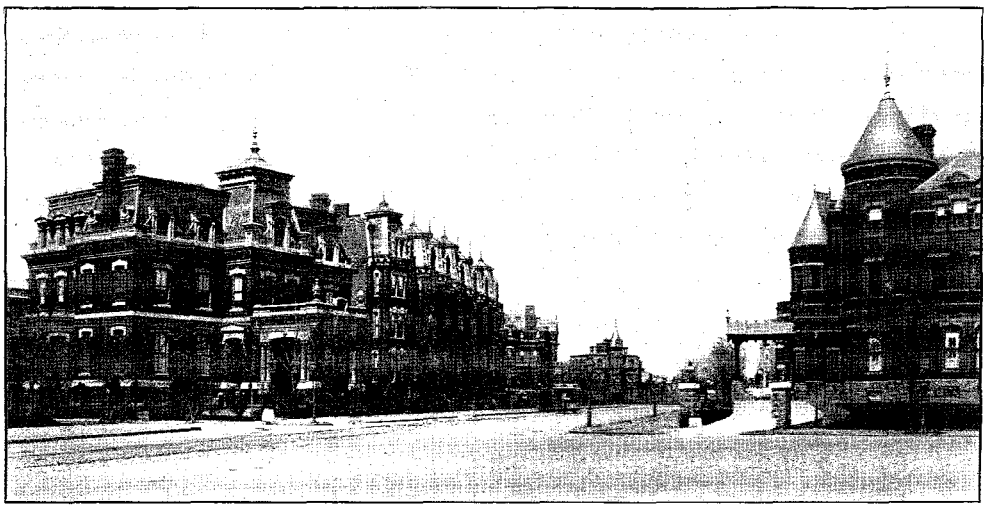

CONNECTICUT AVENUE.

BRITISH EMBASSY. STEWART CASTLE. AUSTRIAN EMBASSY.

"The British legation is by far the most impressive."—*"Democracy."*

"Murphy's Folly" (Stewart Castle) was the residence of Cyrus Penniman."—*Wheelwright's "A Child of the Century."*

times, and the only time I felt like accepting him was when I saw his statue unveiled. I couldn't put a man on a pedestal to save my life, but when my grateful country does it, I'm all humble adoration." Mrs. Atherton takes a personal interest in this statue, owing to the fact that the real General was once in love with her mother, whose attitude toward him was evidently not unlike that of the fictitious Sally.

On the east side of the Square is the negro church where Betty on a sudden impulse went one Sunday to find there "all shades of Afro-American colour, and all degrees of prosperity. Coal-black women were there, attired in deep and expensive mourning. 'Yellow girls' wore smart little tailor costumes. Three young girls, evidently of the lower middle class of coloured society, for they were cheaply dressed, had all the little airs and graces and mannerisms of the typical American girl. In one corner a sleek mulatto with a Semitic profile sat in the recognised attitude of the banker in church, filling his corner comfortably and setting a worthy example to the less favoured of Mammon." A short distance beyond the Square, in a beautiful colonial mansion, lives the distinguished Senator who is said to be the prototype of Senator North.

Under the disguise of "Welckley's," Wormeley's figures in *Democracy* as the place where Schneidekoupon gave his "lobby" dinner to "establish more intimate relations" with Senator Ratcliffe, who, under the influence of Mrs. Lee's fascinations or the champagne—the author leaves it to the reader to determine—astonished the guests by his brilliancy. "He seemed bent on proving his kinship to the immortal Webster," says his creator, "by rivalling his convivial powers. He dashed into conversation; laughed, jested and ridiculed. . . . Nay, he even rose to a higher flight, and told the story of President Lincoln's death-bed with a degree of feeling that brought tears into their eyes."

Not far from here, in I Street, lived the O'Haras (Wheelwright's *A Child of the Century*) in a house which had been hired for them for the winter. The author is descriptive of their home, though we learn from him that he had no actual house in mind. Genevieve O'Hara, his charming heroine, is a delightful study of the clever, well-bred girl who is outside the magic circle of society in an American city. In speaking of her, Mr.

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Wheelwright said that there were naturally many more of her type than of her sister's, who are on the lists, yet he didn't think they were often found in fiction. It is so easy, he added, to give such a heroine any amount of money and all the "kingdoms of the earth."

Of I Street in the days of the Civil War, Mr. Churchill gives us a picture in *The Crisis,* for here lived General Daniel Carvel "in a rather imposing house of brick, flanked on one side by a house just like it and on the other by a series of dreary, vacant lots where the rain had collected in pools." This habitation had no existence in fact.

Frances Weston Carruth.

THE POLITICIAN IN FICTION.*

Five novels and one book of short stories have been published in the past twelve months, in each of which the writer sought to come at the politician on his own ground. These books were received with respectful attention by the critical press, and read by a number of people sufficiently large to indicate that there is more than the interest of curiosity in the political story. It seems that our novelists are awakening to the possibilities of the American politician as a figure for fiction, and that the people are quite ready to give him a hearing as a romantic character, notwithstanding all that the newspapers print about him.

Indeed, there are reasons why no phase of activity should make wider popular appeal than politics. The number of persons who draw a part or the whole of their living from occupations which are directly or indirectly dependent upon politics or from opportunities resulting from political influences is probably between half and three-quarters of a million. Politics in some of its many manifestations touches society at almost every point, bearing with vital force upon the relations of both men and women. No other single occupation reflects so definitely in its personnel and performances the national temperament, and the changing attitude of the public mind toward the larger questions of the times. No other occupation at regular periods exerts such influences upon the conditions of business; no other occupation probably is responsible for the distribution of as large amounts of money. Most important of all from the view-point of the novelist, the American politician is *sui generis.* He differs at almost every point from his English cousin and from the politician of European countries. And his life is full of excitement and sharp contrasts. The newspapers give daily glimpses of the world of intrigue, mystery and conspiracy in which he strives, a living comment upon the weaknesses of human nature—a signal example himself of the qualities which make a man master of men. Again and again he stands out boldly in episodes that are pregnant with suggestion and situations that are dramatic in the extreme.

At first sight, then, it seems remarkable that in the past sixty years we should have had not more than two score novels concerned with American politics, and that of these not more than half a dozen should have dealt with the politician—by that word meaning all those who occupy public offices, control them, or create them—in fashion to challenge serious attention. The timid or trifling manner in which the politician has often been approached suggests either complete ignorance of, or indifference to, the romantic possibilities of his career. For this neglect there is an explanation, of course, if not a good reason. In the case of the professional politician—the boss, ward-worker, lobbyist, or office holder of the lower grade—the explanation is conveyed as nearly as can be by the word "unloveliness." The average professional politician, neither in ideas, bearing or appearance, parades such qualities as invite admiration. His ethical code is a maze of fine-drawn distinctions and obvious obliquities. His dealings are largely with men of his own mould; his daily life is almost wholly devoid of refining influences. In physical appearance he may advertise the free living charged against

* The 13th District. A story of a Candidate. By Brand Whitlock. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

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his calling generally by a popular error, which supposes that late hours, heavy drinking and the grosser dissipations are essential to the cultivation of that good fellowship which so many of our most successful political leaders have made a foundation stone in the edifice of their power.

With all this so conspicuous, it has been very easy for the novelist to believe that the professional politician lived wholly for the game and the gain; that he touched life outside the circle of his fellow workers only to exercise the talents of the briber, bully, or thief. To such a conception, home life and the part of husband, father, or unselfish friend is an incongruity. Therefore, most of our writers dressed the politician for his rôle before they introduced him, and, with rare exceptions, he has appeared in American fiction until very recently as little more than a character of farce or melodrama.

But this criticism, as applied both to the politician and to stories about him, must be modified when we consider the political worker in a larger field. From his broader education, his more refined surroundings and his more dignified part in the political scheme, the Congressman, Governor, or other occupant of an important State or Federal office derives a distinction which makes his a figure less difficult to the romancer's imagination and more inviting to the average reader.

We have had some sound novels dealing with official life in Washington. The strongest of these is *Senator North*, published a few years ago, and of which Mrs. Gertrude Atherton is the author. That book shows an understanding of the subject and a grasp of character most uncommon. Besides many interesting pictures of life among the Congressmen, both within and without the legislative halls, it presents the portrait of a United States Senator which is almost to be identified with its original, and the potency of this character is chiefly due to the skill with which the writer has blended the weaknesses of the man and the strength of the intellect. Official life and society suffer, but the novel is piteously true. In its way not less an arraignment of public and social conditions in Washington is Mrs. Burnett's *Through One Administration*, in which the evils arising from the dispersal of official patronage are lined in with firm hand. The same cabals, jealousies and conspiracies in official circles in Washington appear in the decidedly interesting anonymous novel *Democracy*, attributed to Clarence King. Senator Ratcliffe, one of the chief characters in that story, is a dominating and almost convincing figure. To mention four more books in which there is evident effort to give the impression of reality to political character, there are Marion Crawford's *An American Politician*, with its sketch of Boston society and some tolerably accurate political scenes; *A Politician's Daughter*, by Myra S. Hamlin, an interesting, if in places thin, story presenting a Down-East politician; Fox's *The Kentuckians*, with its illumination of contrasting types; and Tarkington's *Gentleman From Indiana*, doing a somewhat similar service for the Middle West.

Paul Leicester Ford was, perhaps, the first to show us at all adequately the municipal politician as a man, and to give that figure the homely setting of its unprofessional environment. He did this without excuse for the deficiencies of the scene and largely without prejudice, and *The Honourable Peter Stirling* will lose little with years. The conditions against which Peter fought and which are described so vividly will obtain in greater or lesser degree probably as long as democratic government exists; and Peter himself, with certain concessions to the ideal, will continue to stand for the honest and earnest political reformer who is yet something more than a theorist. Above all else he is human. In one respect only his story fails to carry conviction beyond the point of entertainment: The like of Peter in intellectual equipment and refinement could not probably be found under similar circumstances in all the "machine" wards of our biggest cities. For this, however, and for whatever discrepancies are to be noted in the sentimental chapters of Peter's life, many thousands of readers are ready to forgive Mr. Ford because of the quality of interest he has infused into his book.

Of different calibre from Peter, and yet in certain manifestations of spirit not unlike him, is the hero of Mr. Walter Barr's *Shacklett*, published within the past year. Peter worked among the

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poor and corrupt of New York City during one of its most corrupt periods; the scene of Mr. Barr's novel is the middle West, and his political pictures are realistic and among the best things in the book. Here, too, is an endeavour to give us a fair idea of the politician as a man; to introduce the reader to the shrewd observer of men and conditions, and to other things than the mere trickery by which the politician is popularly known. Mr. Barr's intention was to show that political ambitions, even in the most successful leaders, do not always dominate to the exclusion of unselfish purposes.

Less satisfactory than *Shacklett* in some respects, yet showing careful study of certain phases of the subject, is *The Autocrats,* by Lusk. Here is municipal corruption and the power of money in politics at large, and an interesting story as well.

J. Devlin, Boss, the story of a city politician's rise, aims to show that his success is due to no occult power, but to personal truthfulness, staunch friendship and the exercise of a firm will.

Mr. Robert Barr in *The Victors* tells a story with his usual facility and appreciation of the picturesque. The politician is transplanted to New York City from the country, and there takes root and flourishes vigorously under influences unmistakably suggested by the phrase from which the book takes title, "To the victors belong the spoils." Mr. Barr's story is interesting, and some of the scenes revelatory of municipal political methods, are instructive; though not so much can be said for the character study.

The most recent addition to the ranks of political novels comes from a Western man, Mr. Brand Whitlock. It is entitled *The 13th District,* and as a study of political methods in an Illinois congressional district and of certain local types it is a performance of merit. It evinces an intimacy with things political which gives it authoritative value. The author has concentrated attention upon two campaigns for congressional nomination and election. The course of these he follows with a care for detail that is impressive to the reader sufficiently interested in such things not to complain at a lack of sunshine and a paucity of humour. There is a grim earnestness about this story of the rise and fall of a man of ability, but of little moral stamina which commands respect. Garwood, from the moment we come upon him in the train returning in triumph to his home town, is a man of flesh and blood. If he seems to be posing, he never deceives the reader. To draw no invidious comparison, it may be added that Garwood in mental attitude, in professional equipment and in experiences appears to be typical of the politician of his class. And Mr. Whitlock has given us not only an exceedingly strong and well-written story, but also a study of temperaments which gains potency from its freedom from moralising. It is only a pity that he should not have been able to endow Garwood with some of that cheery, stalwart quality which makes sympathetic the figure of big Jim Rankin, Garwood's right-hand man and later his bitter enemy. As it is, his story causes us to wonder that one so piteously weak and in some respects shallow ever should have found a strong man to be his friend and sponsor, and so have reached an elevation on which he had no claim.

Francis Churchill Williams.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

I gave my lover tears and sacrifice,
My soul's white prayer, my dreams of paradise,
The vision of my guardian angel's face,—
He laughed and turned away his weary eyes.

I gave my lover kisses bitter-sweet,
Strange, deadly blossoms for his soul's defeat,
The purple paths of Hell I lured him on,—
His lips burn fiercely on my tear-stained feet.

Elsa Barker.

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BRET HARTE

Affection tinged with apology was the almost universal epitaph on Bret Harte. The charming sentimentalist of the Sierras crossed the bar on a flood-tide of charming sentiment. The dead disciple of Dickens drew from Englishmen an attenuated echo of the wistful sigh which made the death of Dickens an Anglo-Saxon sorrow. He loved Dickens, Dickens loved him, and therefore we loved him. As one born too late to bask in this dual enchantment, I vainly sought in the obituaries for an explanation of it. Praise there was in abundance, but it was vague, languid, blurred. Men seemed to be renewing an old emotion, a forgotten delight, a faded loyalty. There was a rustle in the newspapers as of old love-letters and ancient flowers. As I watched the faint stirrings of former enthusiasms in the dry, cold light of death I began to feel the pathos of it all, and to realise the gallant kindliness of human nature. Somehow the memory of love is infinitely tenderer than love itself, for love is selfish, whereas the requickening of love is the pure gold of gratitude.

It is not my fault that fiction had left Bret Harte far behind before I came on the scene, and so made his work for me a landmark rather than a revelation. For there is no doubt that we have outgrown the art which relies on picturesque lay figures grouped against a romantic backcloth. Our emotions no longer respond to the gestures of the well-made marionette. We are not tired of romance, but we are tired of pseudo-romance. We demand romance mingled with realism, and realism mingled with romance. In Bret Harte's best stories the presence of the scene painter, the stage carpenter and the stage manager jars on our consciousness. The sharp, sudden invasion of life seldom surprises us. How, then, can we explain his vogue? Why did he thrill two continents? In the first place, I think he was a purveyor of new news. His background was novel, and his miners were not yet become a literary convention. They gratified that love of the strange and remote which is one of the curious eccentricities of human nature. In the second place, he supplied part of the demand for sentiment which Dickens stimulated in the Anglo-Saxon heart. He used primary colours, and he laid them on thick. The rough, blasphemous miner was an irresistible conduit for pathetic emotions. Strength and wickedness turning into tenderness and virtue raised a lump in the throat of the most innocent audience that ever rejoiced over electro-plated art. To-day we smile where we used to snivel. Bret Harte did not change; we changed. Perhaps we have become more cynical. At any rate, our tear passages are blocked, and few can unseal them.

If you wish to discover how far we have travelled since the sixties and seventies, read *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and then read Maxim Gorky's *Twenty-six Men and a Girl*. Both writers try to show the effect of idealism on brutalised natures. Bret Harte takes "Cherokee Sal," an Indian prostitute, puts her in a degraded mining settlement and sanctifies her by motherhood. That is good art. He lets her die, while her child survives. That is not so good. It is the pathos of accident. He sends the miners in to see the child. That is good art. He makes the presence of the child work a revolution in the camp. Strong men wash their faces and wear clean shirts in order to be worthy of the child. That is not good art. Finally, he drowns the child and his readers in a deluge of melodramatic sentiment. That is bad art. Gorky, on the other hand, keeps rigidly within the bounds of plausibility. He makes a young girl the one gleam of idealism in the life of obscene bakers slaving in a cellar, but he does not pretend that Tanya made them wash their faces and wear clean shirts. He simply shows that into the foul misery of these wretches came a glimmer of romance. Then he lets you see the selfishness of romance. These twenty-six bakers set up a lien on Tanya's innocence, and when Tanya failed their selfish idealism, they insulted her, while she scornfully hurled them back into their joyless cellar. That is good art, for it never goes an inch beyond the limit of sincere belief. It does not ask you to weep over accidental pathos. It is the pathos of human will, human temperament, human desire. In short, while Bret Harte assaults your emotions by deliberate artifice, Gorky al-

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lows life to assault you through the medium of art.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat might be analysed in the same way. The whole tableau is arranged with a barefaced resolution to draw your tears. You feel that there is nothing inevitable in the isolation of the outcasts, in the snowstorm, in the suicide of the card-sharper, or in the in-death-they-were-not-divided pathos of vice and virtue. And even *Miggles,* I fear, will hardly bear a close examination. The assault and battery on our emotions is too direct, too deliberate. We like to be outflanked nowadays, and the old-fashioned frontal attack melts away before our indulgent smiles with their high velocity and flat trajectory. *M'liss,* alas! no longer moves us. We prefer *What Maisie Knew* to what *M'liss* didn't know. Perhaps, after all, the fault is ours, not Bret Harte's, and we ought to apologise for the sophisticated fastidiousness of our nerves.

In one respect Bret Harte was unrivalled—as a master of solemn humour in verse. "The Heathen Chinee" is hackneyed, but it is as fresh as the day it was written, and it is likely to endure. Why? Simply and solely on account of its perfect form. It is merely an anecdote, an American anecdote, not more dryly humorous than a hundred other American anecdotes. But it is cast in an imperishable mould of style. Of course, Bret Harte was no metricist. He had hardly any sense of rhythm; but Mr. Swinburne's noble rhythm sang itself into his soul, and he gave it forth again in an incongruously comic theme. The rhythm of a melancholy dirge became the rhythm of duplicity in the garb of innocence. The sadness and the sighing of Meleager became the bland iniquity of Ah Sin and the indignantly injured depravity of Bill Nye. It was a miracle of humorous counterpoint, a marvel of incongruously associated ideas. I think there is an element of chance in the fabrication of great poems. The concatenation comes, the artist puts the pieces into their places, and the result is permanent wonder. "The Heathen Chinee" in its happy felicity is quite as unique as "The Blessed Damozel." The kind of felicity is different, but in its inimitability it is the same. No man will ever write a second "Heathen Chinee," and no man will ever write a second "Blessed Damozel." Bret Harte tried the "Atalanta" metre in "Dow's Flat," but it failed because there was no exquisite discord between the sound and the sense, between the rhyme and the reason:

Dow's Flat. That's its name,
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot
the place at first view.

There the metre is meaningless, but here how perfectly derisive:

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table, with a
smile that was childlike and bland.

In order to feel the full force of this incomparably derisive rhythm, the "Atalanta" chorus and "The Heathen Chinee" ought to be mixed up together, thus:

Let your hands meet
Round the weight of my head;
Lift ye my feet
As the feet of the dead;
For the flesh of my body is molten, the limbs
of it molten as lead.

Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—which the
same I would rise to explain.

O thy luminous face,
Thine imperious eyes!
O the grief, O the grace,
As of day when it dies!
Who is this bending over thee, lord, with tears
and suppression of sighs?

Ah Sin was his name.
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike, as I
frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

I know that Bret Harte was fatigued by the popularity of "The Heathen Chinee," but, nevertheless, I think that it, rather than his stories, will keep his memory green.

James Douglas.

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SONGS

Singers of yore, sweet poets of any clime,
  Players and minstrels all whose lips are dust,
From the white heritage we reap of time—
  Hymns that struck flame from steel that now is rust,
Echoes blown down from an Arcadian hill,
  Or born of vigils tombed within that Past,
Wrung from red hate, or tuned to rapture's thrill—
  One strain soars upward, singing to the last.
We too, we too, some dawn shall silent go,
  The reed, the lute o'er which life's wind did sweep,
And all our little day, its love and woe,
  Swept forth, forgot if we did laugh or weep,
But singing hence some hour with passion rife
May live—the soul of long-forgotten strife.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

NINE BOOKS OF SOME IMPORTANCE

I.

Sir Walter Besant's "Autobiography."*

If I were asked to name Sir Walter Besant's best novel, I should be tempted to select his *Autobiography*. It may be said that life in a novel is imaginary, that life in an autobiography is not imaginary, and that, therefore, an autobiography is not a novel. But all life is imaginary. I am imaginary. You are imaginary. We are all imaginary. I imagine you, you imagine me, and we all imagine one another. Sir Walter Besant imagined himself in his *Autobiography* just as in his novels he imagined others. But was he not a real person? There are no real persons. There are real things, such as isosoceles triangles and the Coronation, but there are no real persons. Life is fiction, and an author in his autobiography is not less imaginary than in his frock-coat. Mr. Squire Sprigge has wisely treated Sir Walter Besant's *Autobiography* as respectfully as if it were a posthumous novel. He has not tampered with it, but has "confined the modifications to the correction of obvious slips." May all literary executors follow his example! Sorrowfully remembering Byron's *Diary* burnt by Hobhouse, and Blake's priceless manuscripts destroyed by Tatham, one wishes that the greater writers could be as fortunate in their choice of executors as the lesser ones. The temptation to meddle with Besant's *Autobiography* was strong. He had not revised it; it includes some things his friends would like to leave out, and it leaves out many things they would like to include. But in spite of this, "The Widow" has not given Mr. Gosse occasion to blaspheme, and we have a portrait of the novelist as he imagined himself, and not devitalised by the discretions or indiscretions of his friends.

Perhaps no man is a hero to himself. Certainly Besant was not. His modesty is disconcerting to an age wherein vanity varies inversely with ability. He claims nothing for himself save "certain powers of imagination" and "a tolerably good memory." He not only knows, but says, that there were "limits to his powers," and he genially admits that to him was not granted "the supreme gift of the foremost rank." Modesty so genuine is almost genius. It explains the man and his work and their popularity. It is modesty that makes him say nothing about his knighthood, and nothing about those enormous services and sacrifices which he cast at the feet of his fellow authors. Mr. Meredith's noble eulogy helps us to measure the modesty that made him add to his "vast and toilsome" labours in other fields that immense labour of love

*Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant. With a Prefatory Note by S. Squire Sprigge. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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with which his name echoes. His altruism was really his modesty in motion. Do not think the unselfishness of modesty is a common thing. In the literary character it is the rarest of virtues. Too often the gall in the inkpot gets into the blood. Even the successful author watches his comrades with vigilant envy, regarding every fresh achievement as a wrong, and every new reputation as an injury. Few writing men are eaten up with the splendid lust of helpfulness which made Besant. The Great-heart of the New Grub Street, Mr. Sprigge rightly calls him "a beautiful dreamer;" but his dreams were the solid, homely, good-natured dreams of a plain, practical Englishman. He never propped his ladder against the moon.

One thing strikes us as we look at this portrait of a novelist by himself. He was a business man rather than a "littery gent." His interest was in things rather than words. He was the antithesis of the voluptuary in verbs. An English business man! "Whether I am studying a picture, a poem, a drama, or a novel, it is the story that I look for first. . . . In many cases I put the matter first and the form afterward." He applied business methods to writing. If he had not done so he could not have worked the last pennyweight out of his brain. He had the Englishman's passion for organising things. He organised himself, his novels, his clubs, his societies, his philanthropies. His last years were spent in organising a Brobdingnagian "Survey of London." I confess that the Besantine lust of labour amazes me even more than the Besantine lust of helpfulness. He took work to wife until death parted them. "It is no merit in me to work continuously. I am not happy when I am not working. . . . In the evening, after dinner, I am fain to repair to my study, there to look over proofs, hunt up points, *and arrange for the next day's work.*" What pathos! Right up to the graveside he was "arranging for the next day's work." Perhaps it is as well that all writers are not so absolutely possessed of the work-devil. If every one worked like Besant there would be nothing left to work at in a few generations. And, really, in fairness to posterity we ought to leave it something to go on with. It would be sad if our grandchildren, perishing of work-hunger, should curse our thoughtless industry.

Besant was no plaster saint. Although he eschews "confessions," he says enough to let us see that he was not a prig. He is not afraid to put villains into his last novel. Barabbas escapes, it is true, but there is a fine villain in a surplice, who terrifies Mr. Sprigge. Still finer than the surpliced villain is the villain as Critic. Mr. Abingdon could play us as we stand. Mr. Sprigge apologises for the "acerbity" of our scowl, and begs us to believe that Besant would have toned us down if he had had time. That would have been a pity. We like to be abused, for we know that we deserve the worst, and worse than the worst. Nothing could be blacker than our own inner consciousness of our own inner depravity. Besides, what fun would there be in praising us? The tigers of wrath are not always wiser than the horses of instruction, but they are always more amusing. For my part, I think the chapters in which Besant slashes the slasher and slates the slater are the brightest in the book. His impeachment of the practice of "reviewing by batches" is irrefutable; but it is hard to find a remedy for a cash grievance. Editors cannot pay the perfect critic to review every novel. The ideal plan is to sift the dust-heap and review only the better novels. But the toil of sifting is so terrible that your perfect critic (when caught) can hardly be paid enough to face it. It is the work of a syndicate, and I hope Mr. Pierpont Morgan will take it in hand. A syndicate of novel-tasters!

There is nothing transcendental in Besant's description of his methods. He hated literary cant. He simply could not pose. "Inspiration is only another name for prolonged idleness under a nonsensical pretence." Thus brutally he crushes with the boot of candour the dreamy glamour dear to the amateur. One can hear his deep derisive growl at shams. His downrightness was natural. Literature to him was just daily work and daily bread. He wrote eighteen novels in eighteen years. "During this period my beard grew grey. I advanced from forty-six to sixty-four; from middle age I became old, but I never ceased to rejoice in my work." Never was there a happier writing-man. In this story of

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a happy life we miss the usual whine and howl, the parade of wrongs, the shop-window dressed with sorrows. "What should I have done had it not been for this pageant of dreamland, which has kept me perfectly happy?" And why shouldn't writers be as happy as other ratepayers? For the benefit of "aspirants," Besant tells how he wrote his novels. Having first decided on the central motif of the story, he invented his characters and then attacked the construction. He made a novel as engineers make a tunnel, "in which the rough boring and blasting goes on ahead while the completion of the work slowly advances." There is no "nonsensical pretence" in his picture of the literary workshop. He worked like any other workman, and that is all. He disliked the analytic school, for he was not analytically minded. How can one help loving a man so simple, so honest, so good-natured? His very limitations are cheerful. Behind his character there is a glow of firelight, Christmas logs burning on the hearth, and English joviality. Such men are the salt that keeps our literature wholesome.

James Douglas.

II.

William Black, Novelist.*

Although his biographer frankly admits that William Black's vogue had diminished somewhat before his death, and that he did not hold to the end the commanding position which the novels of his prime gave him, it is difficult to believe that his work at its best will ever be forgotten or that this charming account of his life will not find many interested readers. Even if his final place be lower than the highest, the author of *A Princess of Thule* and *Macleod of Dare* had a talent which at least was touched with genius. His romantic fervour sometimes seemed unreal and his sentiment too often verged on sentimentality; but, nevertheless, he drew his characters with vivid and subtle strokes and set them against a background marvellously enticing. He opened a new world to his generation; others had revealed the temper of the Borders and the spirit of the Lowlands, and the greatest master of all had thrown more than one flash of light upon Highland life; but it was in Black's pages that the Western Isles ceased to be *terra incognita* to most of us. And he had a gift which writers of to-day generally lack; he made his women charming. Perhaps now and then they were too bright and good for human nature's daily food; they had the faults of their virtues. Yet how vital and sympathetic they were at their best! It is a fine gallery that includes such portraits as Catherine Cassilis, and Sheila Mackenzie, and Yolande Winterbourne, and Violet North, and Alison Blair. The reality which these gracious figures assumed in their creator's own mind was transmitted to thousands, who followed with breathless interest their fortunes from the first page to the last. Sir Wemyss Reid tells us how many letters Black received from unknown correspondents, pleading with him for Violet's life when it became obvious that her story would have a tragic end. A greater tribute was expressed in those other letters which revealed how souls had been strengthened and consoled in the contemplation of these imagined joys and sorrows. Surely a writer so beloved must have had the divine fire in him!

Despite his ideality, however, William Black was not a romanticist pure and simple. He was capable of a realism as minute and convincing as anything in the pages of the professed chroniclers of "life as it is." Witness the figure of George Miller, a wonderfully striking and accurate embodiment of the modern young man who is a good fellow according to his lights, but who is utterly devoid of the finer chivalric qualities; Alison's father, the rigid Scottish minister, whom even the claims of family affection cannot divert from what he conceives to be the path of duty; the fickle, but not ill-meaning woman who wrecks Keith Macleod's happiness; Kitty in *Shandon Bells* and Ferdinand Lind in *Sunrise;* and a host of lesser persons, Scottish and English—persons who are as real to us as most we know. Sir Wemyss Reid reveals the secret when he says that Black became wholly absorbed in his work while it was doing. "For months at a time," he observes, "the men and women with whom he was in

*William Black, Novelist. A Biography. By Sir Wemyss Reid. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. $2.25 net.

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closest contact, and who were most real to him, were these children of his own fancy. . . . This was the secret of some traits of his character which puzzled, if they did not jar upon, those who knew him but slightly. It accounted for his apparent indifference to what was passing around him, for the difficulty with which at certain seasons he seemed to arouse himself to the recognition of old acquaintances, for the air of deep abstraction which often distinguished him in crowded assemblies." There was a Celtic strain in Black, despite his Lowland birth and bringing up—he was born in Glasgow in 1841—and he had the brooding imagination of the Celt; but he had, too, the occasional joyousness of the race, its startling exuberance, its sensibility to outward impressions. He was only fifty-seven when he died, and we are told that the nervous illness which at last broke him down before his time was greatly developed by the writing of *Macleod of Dare*, a novel ending in a tragedy fearful to the reader, and so potent over the author that for months after he suffered both mental and bodily anguish. It is no affectation to say that Black's pen ran with his very heart's blood.

The character of the man as presented in these pages is most attractive; there is nothing, surely, that his warmest friend would wish to expunge. His first great success came at thirty, when he published *A Daughter of Heth*. It charmed both the critics and the public, and with surprising rapidity Black took the foremost place among living novelists at a time when Trollope and Reade and Mrs. Oliphant were still alive. *A Princess of Thule, Madcap Violet, Shandon Bells, Sunrise*—but why prolong the catalogue? A book a year was Black's "stint," and he worked at it with conscientious care to the last. He always visited the scene of a story and filled in the details with scrupulous fidelity; indeed, there are those who think that this fidelity was excessive. Sometimes he fell below the best of which he was capable; he was not alone in that. It would be unfair, however, to say that, in the common phrase, he wrote himself out. Few of his novels excel in charm and perfection of art *In Far Lochaber;* and in *Wild Eelin*, written when death was clearly approaching, there are passages of unsurpassed beauty. It was inevitable that time should modify the transports of the world and even direct them elsewhere; but when all is said, there remains a solid fund of achievement to Black's credit, and I cannot believe that posterity will ever exhaust it.

Black's friendships are agreeably revealed by Sir Wemyss Reid. He was generous to those he loved; at a time when he was at the height of his fame he took the place of his dying comrade, Barry, as correspondent of a provincial paper on condition that the salary should go to him. Barry afterward served as model for Willie Fitzgerald in *Shandon Bells*. In later years he was intimate with a number of Americans. Mr. Abbey and Mr. Parsons were among these, and Miss Mary Anderson and Mr. Bret Harte and the late James R. Osgood, one of the most delightful companions imaginable. In 1878 he went to live at Brighton, where he remained to the end of his days, making trips to Scotland in the summer, however, and also visiting the East, as readers of *Wolfenberg* and *Briseïs* know. Some engaging anecdotes are given of the domestic side of Black. He and his family—he married young and lost wife and child, but later took a second wife, who, with three children, survives him—were particularly fond of Miss Anderson; he called her "the Beautiful Wretch," while he was "the Double-Dyed Black Villain;" the "D. D. B. V.," it appears in his letters. It may be of interest to note that the Queen Titania of his novels of travel, the "wee bit woman" who has bored some of us, was not drawn from Mrs. Black, who is more nearly characterised in Bell. But indeed, like every true artist, he did not copy life; if here and there some trait of a living person was recognised, it was but a chance feature of the assimilating process of the imagination. William Black was not a man to wear his heart upon his sleeve. There were times, as his biographer says, when even his closest friends felt that he was remote from them. But it is in his work, after all, that an author lives. Perhaps the chief satisfaction of a book like this is the conviction it imparts that in Black's case the author's life was not unworthy of his work.

Edward Fuller.

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III.

THOMAS DIXON'S "THE LEOPARD'S SPOTS."*

This is a novel of interest and power dealing primarily with the "peculiar problem of the South," and subsidiarily with "the course of true love." As is usual enough in novels with a purpose to be an unwritten law, the love, passion and pathos sections, introduced to buoy up the book as a whole, are done imperfectly if not extraordinarily badly, and may be very shortly dismissed. One Charles Gaston, it appears, a young North Carolinian with ambition, falls in love with Sallie Worth, an heiress and the only daughter of General Worth. The General is an implacable survival from the late Confederate army, possessed, however, of such mills and money as are required by the exigencies of modern novelette writing. C. Gaston, destined through ability, integrity and a Bryanesque speech to become "His Excellency the Governor of North Carolina," woos Miss Worth in his early and homespun youth, calls her "Miss Sallie" offhand at the end of his first day's acquaintance, and gains favour by a series of burning soul-to-soul talks. The General, initially complacent to the suit, is later made cold by the misrepresentations of a political rival of C. Gaston and forbids the bans. Whereupon C. Gaston relieves his mind by a two-weeks' spree of no mean scope, and settles down to prove himself worthy of "Miss Sallie." This he satisfactorily accomplishes, and having confessed to her the "smallest thing," including the general outlines of his spree, is happily united to her while he lies languishing in jail, to which place his political opponents have temporarily brought him.

But this love affair, as well as some other personal matters hazarded in the novel, are not germane to its purpose. That purpose is to sketch the history of the race problem in the South, taking its history in North Carolina as typical, from 1865 to 1900. Confessedly the history is from a Southern standpoint, and this constitutes one of the novel's main claims to attention. For while the Northern public has been fed luxuriously for thirty-five odd years on oratorical viands prepared in Northern political kitchens; while the deliverances of Sumner, Blaine and Harrison, alleging the equality of all men and the necessity for the Reconstruction acts of 1867 and 1868 are still as revered in many Republican districts as appendices to the Gospel; while Northern preachers, philanthropists, sentimentalists and others are still "triumphantly reuniting" North and South on every public occasion; in all this time the South has been strangely silent, and in but few publications outside of the novels of Thomas Nelson Page is to be found an adequate presentation of the Southern view of Reconstruction and the negro problem. For this reason, if for no other, *The Leopard's Spots* should find a wide circulation above Mason and Dixon's line. There are, however, other reasons. The work is able and eloquent; the verifiable events of history are followed closely; and by logic, by irony and by implication is exhibited the basic impossibility of "building in a democracy, a nation inside a nation, of two hostile races."

But why should the two races be hostile? The answer, Mr. Dixon believes, is to be found primarily in the Reconstruction acts of Congress, pushed through to disastrous completion under the leadership of Charles Sumner and Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, and of Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. Even before the passage of these acts the task before the South would have strained it to the utmost "had every possible aid been extended by the victorious North." The bases of the old economic order were blasted; five billion dollars' worth of property had been destroyed; every cent of current money was declared forfeit, and the best of Southern manhood were buried in unmarked trenches or flung back upon society maimed and destitute. But these things were within the cost and arbitrament of war, and the South accepted them and was even dumbly content. Then came the amazing series of Congressional measures by which the South was redevastated and race was poised against race in hate. That there was some excuse for these measures there is no doubt, and Mr. Dixon would seem to err in giving them no weight. The people of the North were fearful of a renewal of war; they had cause to be distrustful of President John-

*The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. $1.50.

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son, and they were imbued with a sentimental sympathy with the negro, born of blind faith in the *credo* of Thomas Jefferson, and dense ignorance of the psychology of the black man. But the measures granted by the people, largely through mingled fear and ignorance, were seized by the politicians for the purpose of perpetuating Republican power and of syndicating Southern offices. Under the tutelage of "the carpet-bagger from the North, the native scallawag and the negro demagogue," established as joint administrators of the Freedman's Bureau and of the new election laws, began an orgy of political crime. The financial loot obtained was not, indeed, considerable, at least, as money is figured in these days, or even as it was figured in those days in the Northern States. But it represented the South's pitiful last, the pitiful little that could be raised by mortgaging her resources for years to come. Yet the money was, after all, a minor issue. What counted was that the negro, debauched by flattery and uncompelled by authority, refused longer to work, deserted the plantations and became a novitiate in legislative halls or in "theological" or "classical" colleges, and dreamed of political notoriety and of possessing the daughters of the South. It was then that the Ku-Klux-Klan was organised, and that, in the growing horror of the supersedure of a mulatto reign, political lines were set as in marble upon the single base of Anglo-Saxon dominancy.

How, with the return of reason to the North and the gathering of power in the South, Reconstructionism was broken up is well known; but the lessons of that period and the negro problem remain. The lessons prove beyond cavil, Mr. Dixon asserts, that negro political activity means political debauchery pure and simple,—the uniting for loot of the lowest whites with the half-barbaric blacks. Even if negro suffrage did not mean this; if such a hypothetical proposition could be admitted as a reasonably honest and intelligent negro electorate, still, Mr. Dixon argues, the negro should in the main be debarred from the polls. For political activity is not an isolated fact; it draws its deep meaning from the interior significance and construction of society; society rests on the family; equality of the suffrage connotes also social equality; and social equality signifies the right to love and wed as one wills. In the North, where the negro is sparsely distributed in proportion to the total population, this theoretical right remains in practice theoretical; but in the South, where the negroes are equal in number to the whites, the theoretical right assumes a practical and horrid significance. The law that knows no waiver is that one drop of negro blood reverts the child's title to that race which, possessing for three thousand years a quarter of the globe, has not made one step of progress, or redeemed one jungle from the wilderness, except as slaves under command. The Anglo-Saxons, who conceived the government of the South and maintained it, who laid out the Southern fields and replanted them over the graves of the dead, have the prior right to maintain their racial integrity. The demand is fundamentally one for self-preservation; and it is precisely this demand which Northerners have hesitated to allow, simply because it carries with it as a necessary corollary the political ascendency of the whites, absolute and unqualified.

It is, indeed, a curious example of national emotionalism, the solicitude of Northerners regarding African sentiment. There never was any clamour to have Indians vote, or Chinamen, or Alaskans, though they all stand higher than the negro, ethnologically; nor is there now overmuch philanthropic zeal for the Filipinos. But, as Mr. Dixon truly says, the negro is "the sentimental pet of the nation," "its one chronic, incapable orphan." The South would have held in lasting gratitude any aid extended to her by the North in her time of need; but about all the Christian charity there was went to the relatively well-off negro. The "poor whites," for there were no others, shifted as they best could, having also to meet the equivalent of a considerable war indemnity levied against them when their State and National currency was declared forfeit. Not for the acts of war, but for acts in the peace after the war, was the South embittered. Nevertheless, and in the face of many unnecessary obstacles, the South has rebuilt her civilisation. She has paid most of the school bills and faced all the disadvantages of the "equal" negro of whom the North has talked. She has pensioned her wounded soldiers

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and her orphans, and she has paid her due share of the annual Federal budget of $140,000,000 for the benefit of Northern veterans who never stood in a tithe of the need of it that the Southern veterans did.

In return for what she has done and suffered, the South asks only to be let alone; to be solicited no more with patent political cement and paper-made panaceas, but to be allowed to work out her "peculiar problem" in the only way made clear to her by a prolonged and somewhat ghastly experience. When the negro problem is settled in the only way that it can be settled so long as Anglo-Saxonism retains its solidarity and its pride, then in truth North and South will be "triumphantly reunited."

All of which Mr. Dixon says in effect or by implication.

Mansfield Allan.

IV.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND'S "CHIMMIE FADDEN AND MR. PAUL."*

The longevity of Chimmie Fadden, like the longevity of Martin Dooley, is little short of remarkable. Between them they have gone through enough adventures and expressed enough opinions to have filled seven substantial volumes, and as yet neither has begun to pall. Wide apart as are Mr. Dunne's philosopher of the Archey Road and Mr. Townsend's Bowery scapegrace in environment, characteristics and temperament, the two must somehow be classed together, and they occupy a very important place in the American literature of the last ten years. Whether or not this place will be in any way permanent is another matter.

A good many years ago, when Chimmie Fadden, after his first introduction through the columns of the New York *Sun,* had appeared in book form and had won many tens of thousands of not only appreciative but enthusiastic admirers, Mr. Townsend was asked by the late Charles A. Dana why it was that stories of this kind, which would seem to appeal only to a very limited number of readers, should have sprung immediately into so widespread a popularity. "Because," the author replied, "underlying the buffoonery of the anecdotes themselves there is the suggestion of Mr. Paul's and Chimmie Fadden's chivalric love for Miss Fannie." It is along this thread that Mr. Townsend has worked in the latest book.

On the conventional lines of book reviewing very little need be said about *Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul.* Some years seem to have elapsed since we took leave of Chimmie and the "Duchess" in the second collection of stories. Allusions to events of which the newspapers are still talking place the book very much in the present day. The Bowery boy is not going to be outdone by his rival, the Chicago saloon-keeper, in the matter of having something to say on current affairs. The old characters of the old stories appear very little changed. The Duchess retains all the old cunning of which Chimmie used so to stand in awe, and still "drags his jeans" with exasperating regularity. "His Whiskers" is still given to platitudes and surreptitious escapades, and Mr. Paul has preserved all his airy persiflage and his prowess in the consumption of "small bots."

Without any doubt Mr. Townsend has been told that he made a mistake when he bestowed the hand of Miss Fannie on the uninteresting Burton and left the genial Mr. Paul to seek forgetfulness in street fights and generally riotous living, and at this late day has started to set matters right. Hints of neglect on Burton's part, and of consequent unhappiness on Miss Fannie's, are freely thrown in; Burton finally succumbs gracefully to a casual illness, and when the book ends we are ready to see Mr. Paul accompany Miss Fannie on her second trip to the altar. Meanwhile, domestic life below stairs is far from being monotonous, and Chimmie's enforced amiability in the matter of "pungling up" is amply rewarded when the Duchess presents him with a little Duke who is to bear the name of James Napoleon Emmett Fadden, as a token of her affection. To any one with the proper appreciation of Chimmie and Martin Dooley, *Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul* is very much worth while.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

* Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul. By Edward W. Townsend. New York: The Century Company. $1.50.

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V.

Miss Van Vorst's "Philip Longstreth."*

Miss Van Vorst's novel is an odd mixture of strength and weakness; of a stupid beginning and an interesting ending, a reversal of the usual order of things. One might safely skip the first ninety-six pages. Philip Longstreth was a young man about town, the son of a millionaire, who eschewed society's ways to figure as senior partner of a shoe factory in a small town not far from New York. He is an unpractical business man, as the heroes of women novelists are apt to be. He becomes the tool of unscrupulous men, and it is owing to the timely generosity of his father that he is not utterly ruined. Here is one of the author's laboured descriptions of Philip:

> None of the aggressiveness of the fanatic made Longstreth insistent; none of the awkwardness of the student demarked him from his worldly companions. He appealed rather than sought to persuade, putting himself, as it were, in the audience, seeking to convince not alone an antagonist, but himself.
>
> His graceful compromise to the complexion of other people's minds made Van Anders call him "a temporiser," and women think him delightful. It was an unconscious protection of his individuality, a reluctance to put his will in question. His direction once determined to his own conviction, he pursued his way without marking it out for the world's eyes. Too human not to attentively be interested in men's points of view, he listened, holding meanwhile jealously secret his opposed intent. It was an obstinacy colossal, and by his fellows undreamed. From the instant his course became clear to his spiritual vision, it was as inevitable to him as eternal laws; it was the fatality of his temperament.

Strange to say, Miss Van Vorst is at her best in that portion of her story which tells of the factory town and its people. There she is real. The society touches are vapid, the dialogue claptrap, and the society women mere figures upon which to hang beautiful gowns and dazzling jewels. But while the faults of the book are many, the story is made worth while by Amber Garland, the beautiful, tawny-haired forewoman in the factory. She is palpitating flesh and blood, with the body of a virgin and the spirit of a Magdalen. Her brave struggle with her love for Philip is pathetic. But in the final surrender everything is forgotten save "one human fact: she was a woman . . . he was a man." Philip is in love, so to speak, with Constance Throckmorton, because he knows she is the sort of woman one marries; but Amber appeals to his senses. He, too, struggles with temptation. Both women love him, and being intuitive women, they know much of each other without ever having met.

As an ideal social reformer Philip Longstreth is a decided failure. The bars remain up. But perhaps if he had not called out "Constance" in his sleep, things would have been different. For it is this unconscious cry which drives Amber out into the darkness and away from him who, without saying he loved her, had asked her to be his wife.

F. M. Mandeville.

* Philip Longstreth. By Marie Van Vorst. New York: Harper and Brothers.

VI.

Miss Manning's "Lord Alingham, Bankrupt."*

A book so deliciously humorous, so entirely refreshing, as *Lord Alingham, Bankrupt,* impresses the reviewer with the inadequacy of anything he may write concerning it, and offers a strong temptation to make a series of quotations, so as to let it speak for itself. The book, both in style and construction, bears a strong resemblance to Mrs. Atherton's work in general and to *The Aristocrats* in particular. While the latter was a satire on the social and literary aspirations of Americans from an English view-point, *Lord Alingham, Bankrupt,* is a satire on English society, drawn with an accuracy no less pointed and a wit as keen, though in such a tolerantly good-natured way as to convince one that the author, like her hero, has "humour as a substitute for conscience" when she permits herself to portray the characters of people in so realistic a fashion as to make one feel she must have known them.

*Lord Alingham, Bankrupt. By Marie Manning. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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The story opens with that most effective of love charms, an ocean voyage. Given a fascinating young peer of a "Bertie Cecil" sort of beauty, who has spent his money on all kinds of improper things; given also two American women, one a reputed heiress, the other with tawny hair and a direct manner; then let the story commence on shipboard, and the result is apt to be interesting. Deplore it though we may, there is a pulse-quickening allurement about the type of man to whom "tinsel offers no further inducement than the butterscotch and ginger beer of an earlier stage of development," which one can never feel about the Sir Galahads so much admired in theory. Lord Alingham's weaknesses are so very English, so eminently the results of British training and atmosphere, and he is so evidently the right sort *au fond*, that he wins all one's sympathies from the start. To him Alice Dean, who, by her own confession, is going abroad to have her crudities sandpapered down, is a revelation; and he is sufficiently world-weary to appreciate to the full her simple, childlike directness, which has for him the freshness of her native prairies. He "knew women as some men know their Bibles;" and when Alice tells him that in her babyhood she had thought "mustn't touch" was one word and the name of everything beautiful, and that she has just discovered it to be true, he realises that her artless admiration is "too ephemerally beautiful to be met with the crude tactics of the ordinary flirtation." Who could help being predisposed in the favour of a man so subtle as to understand that? He is a man, too, who doesn't pretend to understand Americans, and, least of all, American women; who can't conceive why they should leave their luxurious homes for months at a time and live in dreary little lodgings off Piccadilly, and "never seem to feel at home unless they are travelling."

It's all too exacting for everyday wear; their houses, their crests, their money, are all too complicated and colossal. No wonder they like to run over to England for a little simplicity. . . . There is somewhat of a round-the-world-in-eighty-days effect about their houses. They seem unable to make a home without introducing the four quarters of the globe, the Middle Ages, the Apostles, the red Indians, the *salon*—and everything else that costs money. . . . Everything in the States is reduced to a commercial basis. We support our Herald's College with its traditions—they support their Tiffany with their cash.

And yet Lord Alingham went to America with the avowed intention of capturing an heiress, which fact, of course, proves the English scorn for what money can purchase. However, the possibility of falling in love with an unsophisticated girl in her teens has never occurred to him; and when she becomes the dearest thing in the world, it takes all his British faith in his name and title to force him to contemplate marriage with Mrs. Gordon, on the subject of whose millions his uncle expatiates so enthusiastically. He has squandered his fortune. Even the treasures which once embellished the family country seat have been sold to meet his unnecessary needs; his debts are heavy, his creditors importunate, and his mother and sisters by no means silent as to the duty he owes to those who have sacrificed everything for him. On the other hand, there is his own inclination for Alice, who in her ingenuous, childish way shows all too plainly that she loves him. Nevertheless, while an old name and title are a fit exchange for a fortune, a bankrupt lord may not well ask a penniless girl to marry him; so, fight it as he may, he knows that there is no alternative; and Alingham is too thoroughly imbued with the traditions of his race not to appreciate it. He realises that he cannot eat his cake and have it too, and that while he may admire and even love the charming girl whose sincerity and freshness of feeling are a revelation to him, he must think of marriage only with the woman whom he believes to possess the millions that he needs.

Most amusing is the account of Lord Alingham's mother's visit to Mrs. Gordon upon her arrival in London. Lady Alingham, a "petticoated edition of Wellington, . . . had called on so many probable daughters-in-law that the situation began to have all the perfunctoriness of church-going." The dialogue between the English matron and the well-bred, clever American is delicious, and

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the reader is further enlightened by the asides which accompany each remark, turning the situation into a delightful farce which scarcely needs the introduction of limelight to make it perfect. In no place has the author shown more skilfully the complete antithesis of the ideas and characteristics of the two nations.

At the Alingham family council, when deciding on the list of guests which the dowager will invite as the necessary accompaniment to what she fondly trusts will be to her son the *pièce de résistance,* Mrs. Gordon, it is suggested:

"If you are afraid your cuisine is not good enough to entertain a bishop or a curate, why don't you have a Ritualist? I hear they never take anything but water and potatoes."

"Good gracious!" said Lady Alingham. "How do they manage to preach on such a diet?"

"Potatoes are an incentive to talk—look at the Irish."

Boadicea Bing, a poor relation who "has fought that depressing meat-tea, penny-bus sort of poverty with the dull weapons of gentility," is invited:

Boadicea was the type of Englishwoman that always looks three-and-thirty. She had looked that age since she put on long frocks, and it was probable that she would totter to her grave at a ripe scriptural age and still look a petrified specimen of elderly young-ladyhood. She did her hair in a door-mat, like the Princess of Wales, and she had an acute profile that looked better in a photograph than in real life.

Then, there was Lady Hamilton, who had been an American before her marriage.

Since which event she had devoted her entire energy to obliterating any traces of her nationality. Her English was a persistent, if painful, effort to introduce the broad *a* into every word she uttered. Lady Hamilton did not have hands like the rest of mankind; she was such a loyal Briton as to rejoice in "hahnds," to the amusement of her friends. She would twitter away in this language of her own discovery on all English topics, from the Royal Family down to cabmen's shelters.

Lord Alingham, Bankrupt, will possibly not prove very popular in England. There is a touch of intimate knowledge coupled with excessive frankness running through it all which would be excessively distasteful to an English palate. It is just the book to be condemned by what stands for the Pope of English egoism, especially as it contains that worst of all stings, truth. The pitiless and searching exposure of something approaching sordid meanness in the shifts of the shabby section of the aristocracy would make the blood of a certain type of Englishman run cold, and would seem to the corresponding type of Englishwoman little short of sacrilege. Only one or two slips here and there seem to us a departure from perfect verisimilitude. We wonder, for instance, whether she really thinks that an Englishman when speaking quite seriously would answer a question with the American shibboleth, "Why, certainly!"

If Miss Manning would cross the Channel and look about her a little, it would be interesting to read what her nimble wit and discriminating pen could set down about the French, particularly the women. We would suggest that she dedicate the result to Paul Bourget or to Max O'Rell. *V. R.*

VII.

Eleanor Hoyt's "The Misdemeanors of Nancy."*

Bright, without the frequent drag of *The Dolly Dialogues;* clever, without the vulgarity and the constant effort of *The Visits of Elizabeth,* Eleanor Hoyt's *The Misdemeanors of Nancy* offers a piquant morsel for the summer reading of a summer public. For the drowsy solitude of the shade-swung hammock, for the *viva voce* benefactors of fancy-work circles on hotel piazzas, Nancy will be a Heaven-sent blessing. She is light, she is funny, and there is very little of the try-to-be-funny note in all her humour; while, in addition to these attractions, she is a pretty good type of what lots of latter-day girls in their inner consciousness

* The Misdemeanors of Nancy. By Eleanor Hoyt. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50.

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would like to be, and what a very few succeed in approximating. Looked upon from the standpoint of old-fashioned chaperons and minuet manners, she is unquestionably a most improper young person; but then she is not a vulgar, self-conscious little female cad like the aristocratic and eminently English Elizabeth. Nancy is dainty and American, and *her* misdemeanors, while calculated to leave swaths of trouble behind her, are primarily large-eyed and innocent.

The winning of the French chef in "A Dumb-Waiter Drama" is a most delicious exploit in its telling, as well as in its harvest of loot, and the chef himself does a very effective "support" to the heroine's leading lady. Miss Hoyt's Gallic touch is beyond praise. The masterly defeat of Aunt Maria, in "A Touch-Down," is a gem, for which Stanlaw's drawings make a peculiarly effective setting. The demureness of Nancy, as she glides along under convoy, the bristling guns of Aunt Maria, and the infantile guilelessness of Jimmy, the very guileful caddy, as he stands engulfed in his—yes, those are surely just "pants," prove conclusively that an illustrator *can* illustrate once in a while.

It is very hard, among all the exploits of so ingenious and ingenuous a heroine, to make a choice of which is best. The tale entitled "A Love Souvenir" is a beautiful example of retribution that should carry its wholesome lesson; but for keen wit and delicious satire the palm must go, I think, to "Touring in Bohemia." Here is where Nancy begins to get almost serious. There are *characters* in *her* Bohemia—characters in which people will think they see other people and become proportionately gleeful. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to believe that "The Poet" and "The Artist" and "The Problem Novelist" are only composite types of a certain set, rather than portraits of individual members; but I do not expect to persuade readers that their recognitions are at fault, and I shall not try. Suffice to say, there are such people, and we know them, and the picture, farcical as it seems, is not so very far from realistic, after all.

Perhaps it is just as well that at this point "The Man Who Came Often" gets definitely into the game. Nancy is waxing dangerous, and there are others who, in common prudence, might begin to tremble, were she to pursue her career of conquest and exploration much farther. Most of us have dusty corners somewhere—packed desks or littered library tables that the slavey must not touch or dust or breathe upon; and Nancy is no respecter of such bachelorish notions, while, as "A Lesson in Democracy" shows, she is perfectly capable of playing slavey herself, just for fun.

I congratulate Bobby—heartily, but there are times when I can't say I altogether envy him his contract.

Duffield Osborne.

VIII.

Arthur Henry's "An Island Cabin." *

Who is there who cannot remember, among his early dreams, that of being lord of an island, a place of refuge from the tyranny of an unsympathetic world, where one might reign in true Crusoe-like fashion over cats and dogs and goats, with, perhaps, a chosen friend or two if they showed the proper feudal spirit of vassalage? It is a dream which most of us have put away, together with other childish things. Mr. Arthur Henry, however, is fortunate in having retained, under the storm and stress of a somewhat varied career, a large share of the illusions and enthusiasms and aspirations of his early youth. Throughout the vicissitudes of a life which has ranged from a clerkship in a Western dry-goods store to the editorial cares of a Detroit newspaper, he has never lost sight of this dream of an island all his own, remote from the noise and bustle and exacting obligations of the outside world; but it was not until last summer that his dream was realised. He learned that off the Connecticut coast there are numberless small islands apparently ownerless, a sort of No-Man's-Land, waiting for a claimant. Mr. Henry chose one of these islands, a mere rocky hummock midway between Noank and Fisher's Island, erected a modest cabin of rough boards, and there, in company with a few chosen spirits, he spent the summer in the main

* An Island Cabin. By Arthur Henry. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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channel of the Sound, almost as isolated and as tempest-tossed as though in a small boat in mid-ocean.

With a steady wind, on a fine clear day, or on a starry night, this channel is an open, gleaming pathway. The tide for twenty hours of the day is racing through it with deadly force to the helpless; but the course is marked, and when all is fair a bark canoe might skim it safely. But when the wind is strong and the sea high, when rain or fog conceals the lights and buoys, it becomes at once a narrow, tortuous runway between a thousand impending deaths. Then you have your orchestra at play. The wind alone has many voices here. It rushes across the surface of the water with a prolonged hissing; it shrieks about the dormer windows of my cabin; it whistles and moans down the chimney; it whips the green bushes and sings through the stripped branches of the dead wood; it passes overhead and through the unimpeded ways abroad, with the roar of an invisible avalanche. My cabin anchored to the rocks, trembles in its clutching, tugging arms like a wild bird in its captor's hand.

As a result of these months of life so close to nature, Mr. Henry brought back in addition to healthy sunburn and renewed energy a more intangible, yet indestructible, possession in the form of fresh ideals and hopes, and the best of these he has embodied in *An Island Cabin*.

The book is not in any proper sense fiction, although couched in fiction form. It is more properly a diary of the daily doings of a small group of men and women, of the manner in which they are acted upon by Nature in her wilder moods, and the manner in which they react upon one another. Their chief delight seems to have been to discover things for themselves. Any fisher-boy of Noank could have given them a liberal education in the arts of fishing, swimming and sailing a boat; but these are problems which they prefer to work out unaided; and their failures and triumphs form the basis of much genial, optimistic philosophy, which is interspersed throughout the pages. It is easy to understand why this is a book which will not appeal to everybody. It is written with a simplicity, a studied *naïveté*, which a good many readers will be apt to take in the wrong spirit. Mr. Henry is infinitely more sophisticated than he gives himself the credit for being; yet here he has the air of posing as the discoverer of things nautical and otherwise which have belonged to the common stock of the world's knowledge since the dawn of civilisation. The fact that it is possible to beat against the wind in a sailboat was known to the world before Mr. Henry discovered it, but that does not prevent him from posing as a pioneer in the art. The idea that one cannot escape from the obligations and responsibilities of life by running away from them is not a new one; yet Mr. Henry couches his philosophy in such a new and effective form that one feels inclined to be lenient toward him:

The destiny of every atom of the universe is equally associated with our own. It is not with men alone that we need to adjust ourselves in sympathy, but with the earth, and air, and water, and all the innumerable forms of life that these contain. They, too, are our fellows. We cannot escape this necessity by flying from the city. We but change our associates. If we seek for rest and peace in a tranquil contemplation of nature as a thing apart from ourselves, we will not find it. For, though we may look at it with a far-off, impersonal vision, we cannot alter our actual and intimate relationship. Our fate, our moods, and all our movements are bound to those of the stars and the pebbles, the wind, the rain and the sunlight. All that concerns men and crabs concerns us whether we will or no. It remains for us to determine how great shall be the discord, or how complete the harmony of this relationship.

Altogether, *An Island Cabin* may justly be characterised as a very odd little book. Yet it is one that is sure to win some warm admirers, if only for the sake of the strong salt breath of ocean air which blows through its pages. It is a book which awakes a disquieting nostalgia for broad reaches of sea and sky, and dim, mist-veiled glimpses of distant coasts. It touches even the confirmed dweller in cities—the man to whom the echo of pavements beneath his feet and the din and turmoil of city life around him are essential to happiness—and sets him to longing enviously for one of those islands in No-Man's-Land, where the sea brings food and fuel to the very door, and the salt dampness sifts in through every crack and crevice laden with ozone and

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health and appetite. And lastly, to those who know that picturesque stretch of Connecticut coast, including New London, Noank and Stonington, Watch Hill, and Fisher's Island, and Race Rock, the book is a series of delicate etchings, unmistakable in their fidelity, yet softened by their pervading spirit of sympathy and kindly optimism.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IX.

Mr. Jacobs's "At Sunwich Port."*

The really humorous writers in England can be numbered on one hand without troubling the thumb. You mention the names of Mr. Anstey, of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Barry Pain, and when the name of the writer of the book before me has been given, there is an end of the list. Plenty of us can write in a light-hearted way when it does not rain and we are feeling well; but we have no right whatever to claim a position among the members of this select front rank. I understand they make enormous incomes (this only emphasises the line of demarcation), and they deserve every million they get; the joy they offer to grey lives, the solace they offer to the harassed man, the excuse they furnish for smiles—these things are not fully paid for by the disbursement of four-and-sixpence at the discount bookseller. When a new writer takes a new pen and sits down before a quire of white foolscap, his first idea is to utilise the power by making the world's blood run cold, or to encourage melancholia by the recital of a desolate love story. For this, the magazines are partly responsible. The magazines, it would seem, possess artists whose limitations are reached when they draw young men and women in evening-dress, looking into each other's eyes; of befurred men on horseback pursued by animals which the legend underneath declares to be wolves. Here one may venture to commend the illustrations in Mr. Jacobs's new book. Mr. Will Owen knows the types, and, what is more to the purpose, he can draw them with all that economy of line that in black and white work gives content.

*At Sunwich Port. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

I am no critic, and I can best cloak this painful circumstance by pointing out the defects in Mr. Jacobs's novel. He is never, I think, quite so good in work done *à longue haleine* as in those of a shorter breath, and in this book the building of the story strikes one as being lopsided. The early chapters with the child life of the hero and the heroine are superfluous; all that they had been is conveyed quite well in the remainder of the book; the last chapters furnish an entirely new scheme concerning only the heroine's brother and his entanglement. I cannot understand why Captain Nugent was put on board the *Conqueror* instead of the son being placed on the *Seabird,* and I am not quite sure how Mr. Swann did it. Having said which, there remains nothing but praise. Mr. Jacobs has for a time given up the sea, and here, *In Sunwich Port,* he is on land with retired captains and lovely daughters, ex-stewards, gallant ship-brokers and second-hand clothes merchants. It is all very capital, and I found in reading that I cared less whether Jem Hardy married Miss Nugent than that Mrs. Kybird should reappear in each chapter. Mrs. Kybird, having arranged with much strategy the engagement of her daughter to young Nugent, sits back in her chair and gazes at the young couple fondly.

"It reminds me of our wedding," she said softly. "What was it Tom Fletcher said, father? Can you remember?"

"'Arry Smith, you mean," corrected Mr. Kybird.

"Tom Fletcher said something, I'm sure," persisted his wife.

"He *did,*" said Mr. Kybird, grimly, "and I pretty near broke his 'ead for it. 'Arry Smith is the one you're thinking of."

Mrs. Kybird calls on a lady relative of her daughter's *fiancé* and is received with haughtiness:

"I am not a great talker, but I am very careful whom I converse with," said Mrs. Kingdom, in her most stately manner.

"I knew a lady like that once," said Mrs. Kybird; "leastways, she wasn't a lady," she added meditatively.

Also, I like young Mr. Silk, who, after the faithless conduct of Miss Kybird, becomes a prey to despair and talks moodily

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of last long sleeps and graves. Mr. Jacobs has only to write a whole book about Mr. Silk's mother, and I will guarantee to read it. I can't say fairer than that. Mr. Jacobs is always happy in his heroines; if, as he has declared, his characters have their originals in real life, I must congratulate him sincerely in this regard on his exceptional good fortune. Some of us when we want to introduce charming young women into our stories betray that deplorable want of experience which mere invention can never conceal; it is good to encounter in Mr. Jacobs's works the alert, self-possessed, good young woman who is never at a loss for repartee. This would be a more diverting world if people would but act and speak as they do in Mr. Jacobs's books. As it is, I can imagine the young City man taking his fortnight's holiday and determining to see something of the life written of in *Light Freights,* and taking ship, therefore, at St. Katherine's Docks. Of his disappointment on finding that the captain did not come on board late in petticoats; of his regret when the cook proved to be only a cook and not a prize-fighter; of his open revolt on discovering that the mate was not engaged to the most beautiful young woman in Poplar; of his expressions of undisguised annoyance when it became clear that the boat did not possess so much as a single lady stowaway!

Mr. Jacobs never forces a situation, never insists on a humorous reference. He flatters the reader by leaving always something to the reader's intelligence, giving thus the flattering suggestion that the reader is on terms of equality in regard to cleverness. He avoids giving the finish of a sentence when the finish is obvious; he is always on the side of reticence. For all of which I, for one, have long owed him a gratitude which I hereby pay. The book is dedicated to "My Daughter Barbara." Happy daughter Barbara to have her name associated with a story that will carry round the world so much amusement!

W. Pett Ridge.

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*FUEL OF FIRE**

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

CHAPTER VIII.

(*Continued.*)

It happened that while these two were holding sweet converse on the road from Tetleigh to Wayside, Laurence and Nancy were holding anything but sweet converse on their way back from Baxendale Hall; and the front of their offending was as follows: A friend of Anthony, Bertie Crawshay by name, had been spending a few days at Wayside—nominally with Anthony, but actually with Anthony's cousin. There is no use disguising the fact that Nancy had flirted outrageously with this young man, actuated thereto by two powerful reasons: *first,* by a natural desire to make life pleasant to herself; *secondly,* by an equally natural if less laudable one to make it unpleasant to Laurence Baxendale. And in both respects she had succeeded beyond her utmost expectations: the flirtation had amused her and annoyed Laurence more than she had dared to hope, and consequently she was in high spirits.

"I haven't seen you for ages," she exclaimed, after she and Laurence had greeted each other in the Park, she with an extreme pleasantness which was meant to be unpleasant, and he with excessive politeness which was intended to be rude; "it is at least two hundred and seventy-five years since we met."

"Is it? I hadn't noticed it, Miss Burton," replied Laurence stiffly, who knew that exactly four days, three hours and twenty-five minutes had elapsed since he last set eyes on Nancy.

"How are you?" she enquired, with engaging sweetness.

"I'm all right, thank you," was the response, with no sweetness at all.

"Are you? I'm so glad. I asked because you don't look particularly grand, you know; I'm afraid you've been doing too much this hot weather; and though it is very jolly, it takes it out of one."

"The weather seems to me perfect, and I can assure you, Miss Burton, that your anxiety as to my health is entirely misplaced—I never felt better in my life." He really was very dis-

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agreeable; but then what right had a girl to go about with an ass of a fellow such as Crawshay for three days and behave as if she liked it? he asked himself, in excuse.

"You mean you never felt worse," Miss Nancy said to herself; but aloud she merely remarked with the utmost suavity: "It is so nice to see you again! Do you know, we haven't met for such centuries that I had forgotten the colour of your hair and the shape of your nose? I really had."

"I am flattered to find that you waste time in striving to recall my uninteresting features. But, believe me, you make a mistake; they are not worth remembering."

Nancy was delighted: Laurence was even angrier than she had expected him to be: "Oh! your nose is well worth remembering, it is such a nice shape; you don't do it justice; its loveliness increases and it will never pass into nothingness, according to Keats. But though I did forget the shape of your nose, I didn't forget you, because I have been telling Bertie Crawshay all about you, and that has served to keep my memory green."

Laurence bowed: "Thank you; I am, however, as unworthy of Mr. Crawshay's notice as of yours. Sorry you and he could not find a more interesting subject of conversation than myself."

"Oh! but we could—heaps upon heaps, and much more interesting; but you happened to crop up now and then among the rest."

"Then I have no more to say." Laurence was very angry. He had held Nancy too sacred to be discussed even between himself and his mother, and in return Nancy had talked him over with this young jackanapes. It really was unpardonable, and he had no intention of pardoning it. So much for the futility of masculine intentions!

"What? No more to say, when you haven't seen me for a whole week? Well, you are a most disappointing person! I expected you to have no end to tell me after this long separation."

"Yes, I am disappointing enough; but your error lay in expecting too much of me. You know, 'Blessed is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed;' that is my favourite Beatitude."

Nancy's blue eyes appeared to be full of sympathy and interest: "Then do you ever feel disappointed in people, too, Mr. Baxendale? Oh! I am so sorry." Yes, Laurence was right; she really was unpardonable.

"Pray, do not waste upon me sympathy which might be so much better expended," he replied with exaggerated ceremony; "you misunderstood my remark: I meant that I don't often meet with disappointment, for the simple reason that I am not such a fool as to expect much from people."

"How very interesting and clever of you! But don't you find it rather dull?"

"Not disagreeably so. I do not—like you—expect people who have not seen me for a week to be ready to greet me with an accumulation of brilliance which they have been storing up for me at compound interest in my absence: on the contrary, I expect them to have forgotten my very existence in the society of more cheerful and congenial companions; and—unlike you—I admit I am rarely disappointed."

They walked on in silence for a minute or two, until they came to the gate which separated Baxendale Park from the lanes. Then Nancy asked in her most airy manner: "I say, shall we go home the long or the short way?"

Laurence looked at his watch without in the least seeing what time it was: "You must, of course, please yourself, Miss Burton. I must get back home as quickly as possible, as I am rather busy to-day."

Then came another silence, and Nancy, knowing to an inch how short was now the distance to the turning where the way to Poplar Farm branched off from the way to Wayside, and having an instinctive knowledge that Laurence would say good-by at that turning and not walk home with her—began to think it was time for a change in the tactics of her warfare. "You seem rather cross to-day," she said quite meekly, looking up at Laurence with a face out of which the mischief had died.

Laurence raised his eyebrows in apparent surprise: "I cross?—what do you mean, Miss Burton? I am afraid I must be very bad mannered to give you such an idea: for which bad manners please accept my humble apologies."

"Then aren't you cross?" Nancy's voice was meeker than ever.

"Not in the least. What ever put such an idea into your head?"

Nancy began to get rather frightened. It is one thing to play with fire and quite another (and a much less agreeable one!) to burn one's own fingers. "I thought perhaps you were vexed with me about something."

"I?—vexed with you? Impossible. I am afraid that too brilliant imagination of yours is leading you astray. You are inventing offences on my part for the express purpose of showing resentment on your own. I fancy you will find that both offence and resentment are mythical."

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Nancy felt it was time to play trumps if she did not wish to lose the game altogether: "I thought you were vexed with me about Bertie Crawshay," she blurted out. It was a most feminine card.

But Laurence held trumps in his hand, too, and took her queen with his king: "My dear Miss Burton, what earthly right have I to dictate to you who shall be and who shall not be your friends? It would be gross impertinence on my part to express annoyance at anything which you might think fit to do: an impertinence of which I hope I am incapable."

Nancy looked at him sideways with an expression in which fear and shame and curiosity were equally blended. Laurence happened to turn round at that moment and caught the look: he wished he had not seen it, as it somewhat weakened his praiseworthy intention to uphold his own dignity in the sight of this most insolent and unfeeling young woman. Nevertheless, he continued: "As I said before, I extremely regret that anything in my unfortunate manner should have led you to believe me guilty of the unpardonable liberty of criticising or even discussing your conduct; but, if you will overlook it this time, I can promise you that for the future I will take care to avoid even the appearance of such an evil."

Nancy had nearly lost the game, and she knew it: but still she held the ace. The question was, should she play it, or should she uphold her dignity as high as Laurence was now upholding his, and throw down the cards, refusing to play any longer against so determined an adversary? She hesitated a minute, and looked round: they were in the most secluded of the lanes, and nobody—not even a scarecrow—was in sight. Yes, the ace would have to go; there was no doubt of that. As far as it was in Nancy to be shy of anything, she was shy of the strength of her own feelings; she generally kept them resolutely out of sight, and

made a curtain
Out of her laughter to hide her love.

But now she laid an entreating little hand on her companion's arm, and—for the first time in her twenty-two years—she allowed her whole heart to well up into her eyes as she raised them to his and whispered:

"Laurence, I know I've been a brute; won't you forgive me?"

And then and there, in spite of his praiseworthy desire to uphold his own dignity—in spite of his justifiable intention to properly punish her unbecoming behaviour—in spite of his laudable decision to tell no woman of his love until he was in a position to marry her—Laurence Baxendale suddenly took Nancy in his arms and covered her face with kisses.

"My darling," he murmured, "I love you, I love you! It was I who was the brute; but I shouldn't have been if I had not cared for you so much and been so confoundedly jealous."

Nancy laughed as well as she could in the circumstances. "You silly boy, were you very jealous?"

"Rather! Couldn't you see it?"

"Distinctly; a blind bat could have seen it with his eyes shut. And, do you know, I think jealousy is my favourite virtue in a man?—when it's about me, of course, I mean."

"And I'm a brute to make love to you now, considering that I'm such a poor beggar I shan't be able to ask you to marry me for years and years probably; but I simply couldn't help it when you looked at me like that."

"Then do you love me very much?"

"My darling, I adore you."

After another hiatus in the conversation, Laurence said: "You haven't told me yet that you love me, sweetheart. Nancy, do you love me?"

Then Nancy put her two hands on his shoulders and pushed him away from her, looking him full in the face with her heart still in her eyes: "I love you with all my heart and soul and strength, and I always shall love you; and there never has been and never will be any man in the world for me except you: and now let us be funny again, and forget that we're so badly in love."

So the ace won the trick after all.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER WOMAN TEMPTS.

"The woman tempted me and I did eat:"
Such the apology once made by Adam,
Who paved a way more trodden by men's feet
Than any fashioned by the great Macadam.

The following afternoon Nancy was silent with the silence which accompanies excessive happiness, even in the most loquacious people. When one has just been treading the highways to Zion and beholding visions of angels it is difficult to bring oneself down to the level of ordinary conversation with one's fellow creatures—particularly when those fellow creatures happen to be relations. And so Nancy found it.

Anthony, in fraternal fashion, was not slow to observe this unusual reticence on the part of his generally loquacious kinswoman.

"What is the matter with our beloved

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Nancy?" he asked of Nora, in a stage whisper loud enough to have pierced ears much more remote than Nancy's: "is it her liver or her lover that is out of order, and so produces this distressing and unnatural depression?"

"You must ask her," replied Nora: but Nancy did not take any notice. She found Laurence's past remarks much more nourishing food for meditation than Anthony's present ones—a not unprecedented experience of female relations.

Tony gazed at her pensively: then murmured,

"Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
But slowly with me and Nora since we heard thee last."

Then the mystic roused herself sufficiently to speak: and her speech was to the point: "Don't be an ass," was all she said.

"I will try not—indeed I will; but, as I have remarked before, it runs in the Burton family, as it did in Balaam's. The only difference being that Balaam was amazed when his ass spoke; we, on the contrary, marvel when ours is silent."

Nora laughed, and Nancy tried not to do so.

"But the reason for the upset is the same in both cases," Anthony went on: "the ass saw an angel in the way."

"I'd rather hold my tongue till doomsday than talk as much nonsense as you do," said Nancy.

"Nevertheless, your daily walk and conversation give the lie to this statement," Anthony sighed. "Would that it were not so!"

"What are you going to do after tea, Tony?" asked Nora, who naturally did not take an absorbing interest in this accurate diagnosis of her sister's amatory condition.

"I shall go for a stroll in the lanes, I think, in order that my always delicate digestion may recuperate itself between the efforts of tea and dinner. I always find, if I don't take exercise at this particular hour, that I am incontinently launched upon my dinner before I have duly forgotten my tea. And there is something rather indecent in that—like marrying again before one's first wife is sufficiently dead, don't you know?"

Whereupon Nancy woke up thoroughly: "You can't go for a stroll in the lanes, then—I am occupying the lanes myself this evening," she said, as if she were referring to a common bathroom which was used in turns.

Anthony fairly gloated over her discomfiture: "Ah! now we have hit the nail—that is to say, our beloved Nancy—upon the head. Then how are Nora and I to get such exercise as the state of our digestions and the size of our teas demand, I should like to know?"

"You can go for a walk along the road. The highroad is good enough for relations," replied Nancy indifferently.

Anthony clasped his hands in mock admiration: "Oh, wise young judge, how I do honour thee! Where did you learn all these truisms, my dear young friend?"

"Oh! in various places."

"I am going to write a new version of *Eyes and No Eyes*," said Tony; "it will be about a good little girl who never made eyes, and so the highroad was as uninteresting and uninstructive to her as the loveliest lane: and about a naughty little girl who always made eyes wherever she went, so long as there was somebody (it didn't matter who) to make eyes to: and in consequence the dullest field paths to her were full of delightful and sentimental memories; and the less frequented a road by ordinary traffic the more pleasure she got out of it."

"It will be a very nice story," applauded Nora, to whom also the lanes at the back of Wayside were not altogether untrodden ground.

Anthony sighed: "Then do you agree with Nancy in exiling yourself and me from the cool, sequestered lanes of life, and condemning our tottering footsteps to the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer of the 'ard 'ighroad?"

Nora nodded: "Nancy and I always play fair about the lanes. We never enter them when they are being occupied by the other; and we keep the rest of the family away, too."

"How do you keep my esteemed aunt and uncle away on these interesting occasions?"

Nora smiled demurely: "We tell mother that there are tramps about, and father that it is damp under foot."

Anthony shouted with laughter: "Well, you and Nan are two for a pair, as my old nurse used to say."

"We certainly are intelligent young women," said Nora with complacency.

Then Anthony again turned his attention to the elder sister: "If I were you I should learn a lesson from the sermons in stones—those stones which are laid down for the prevention of traffic by the County Council; and I should station at the entrance to your particular lane a youth with a red banner bearing the strange device, 'This road is closed for repairs without the re.' Now I call that a distinctly neat idea."

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Nancy could not help laughing, although she was in love. "Really, Tony, you are killing! Your bitterest enemy couldn't deny that you are convulsing at times."

"With which compliment let us withdraw, lest you should think better of it and add a codicil or a postscript which might give me pain, and undermine that absolute self-appreciation which is the keystone to my interesting and complex character," said Anthony, getting up from the easy chair where he had been lounging and going out of the room. "Come along, Nora, and we'll get the dogs, and leave our dear Nan to derive what intellectual pleasure she can from the society of one who is a man but not a brother."

"All right." And Nora obediently followed him.

When the others had started for their walk, Nancy put on her hat and wandered through the orchard and across the field to the iron gate which led straight into fairyland; and as she strolled along the grassy road, with its high green hedges on either side shutting off the common workaday world, she wondered how anybody could ever feel unhappy on such a beautiful earth as this. She had always been susceptible to the beauties of nature, though hitherto they had awakened in her a sort of indefinable craving—what for she did not know—a sort of unconscious questioning, to which apparently there was no answer. Sometimes there had seemed to her to be a useless prodigality of beauty, as if the foolish old earth had put on her glorious apparel and decked herself with her jewels for a gala day which never came. Surely simpler garments would have been sufficient for the trivial rounds and the common tasks which do not furnish all we ask—even if they furnish all we ought to ask—when we are on the sunny side of thirty. But now at last Nancy understood why the earth beneath her was paved with emerald, and the heavens above her were crowned with a sapphire dome—why each wild flower was a marvel of exquisite workmanship, and each star in the firmament had its place in that majestic choir whose *Te Deum* was begun in the dawn of creation by the sons of God. It was "because the birthday of her life had come—because her love had come to her," that she found out why the earth had been made so beautiful; for Laurence's feet the emerald pavement had been laid down—over Laurence's head the canopy of sapphire had been suspended—and now, because Laurence loved her and told her so, the mountains and the hills broke forth before her into singing, and all the trees of the field clapped their hands.

Nancy's friends, with the singular blindness of those who have known us from our youth up, would have said (in fact, did say) that she was too shallow and light-hearted to fall in love in the ordinary accepted use of the term. Because she continually laughed and hardly ever cried, they decided that the deeper things of life were a closed book to her merry blue eyes; and because she chose to wear upon her sleeve such selections from her heart as she considered suitable for publication, they made up their minds that these selections constituted her whole property in that line, and that—because she talked freely about some of her feelings—such feelings as she did not talk about were non-existent.

There are no people so sorely misjudged in this world as the people who go through life as laughing philosophers; just as there is no figure in nursery lore so pathetic as that of the jolly miller who lived by the river Dee. Does any one imagine the man of malt would have troubled to have informed his world that he cared for nobody and nobody cared for him if such a statement had indeed been true? Not he! He would rather have made affecting speeches at charity organisation meetings—and wept copiously at the imaginary woes portrayed in theatres—and told pathetic stories of his early love affairs—and generally conducted himself as all such elderly gentlemen conduct themselves who are actually what the (so-called) jolly miller pretended to be. It was because he cared so much that he pretended to care so little. Nevertheless, he thereby deceived all children, both of smaller and of larger growth: which, after all, is what he desired and intended to do.

Nancy had not wandered far along the land when she saw a well-known figure in a light tweed suit coming toward her from the direction of Poplar Farm. For a second she was possessed with an insane desire to run away and hide herself where that tweed-clad figure could not find her; and yet she was fully aware that—for the rest of her days—all roads that did not lead to that figure would be unfit for traffic, as far as her feet were concerned. Such is the contrariety of the feminine mind.

There was a look in Laurence's grey eyes as he greeted her which made her want more than ever to run away from him at once and never to run away from him at all as long as she lived—two desires which naturally were incompatible. So she gave herself—and him—the benefit of the doubt and remained.

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After they had strolled together right down into the heart of fairyland, using by the way such fond talk as lovers are wont to use when no reporter happens to be present, they finally arrived at a stile set in the middle of an unfrequented field, as far from the madding crowd as it is possible to be in Mershire. And upon this stile they sat, side by side, after the approved fashion of Robert Burns and his Mary.

Why tradition has assigned a stile as the seemly resting place for lovers is an interesting problem. Taken as a seat, *qua* seat, it is indefensible, combining, as it does, the minimum of comfort in remaining on with the maximum of danger in falling off; and even putting so commonplace a consideration as comfort out of the question, the difficulty of balancing oneself for any length of time on so limited a space must always in some degree interfere with the fluency of conversation of persons thus delicately balanced. Nevertheless, a stile has always been, and always will be, the regulation throne of King Cupid; and any attempt to substitute for it a more convenient and less uncomfortable resting place would be on a par with reorganising a monarchy or disestablishing a state church.

"Are you quite sure you love me, sweetheart?" asked Laurence, all the big heart of him shining out of his large grey eyes.

Nancy nodded: "Absolutely certain. I'd take an oath to that effect before a magistrate's clerk or a coroner's jury without running the slightest risk of seven years for perjury."

"You silly little child, what nice nonsense you talk!"

"So do you. Do you know, you really have been frightfully silly this afternoon?"

"I know that, baby. I like being silly. Anybody can be clever—in fact, I was clever myself long before I'd ever seen you. But it takes a man who is absolutely and devotedly in love to be becomingly silly: and there are precious few of that sort in this wicked world, I can assure you, Miss Burton."

"How much do you love me?" asked Nancy.

"As much as I can; and that's a jolly lot."

"But how much can you?"

"As much as this," replied Laurence, covering her face with kisses.

"That's no answer: it's like saying 'as big as a lump of chalk.' You're as bad as me, when I once wrote to a bookseller's shop and ordered a prayer-book the same size as a birthday text-book. You can imagine how father and Tony roared at me."

"I can."

"I want you to tell me exactly how much you love me," Nancy persisted.

"A little bit more than you love me."

"Then how much do I love you?"

"Ah! that is your business. You can't expect me to give an accurate diagnosis of your symptoms, my darling, when I am so culpably ignorant of my own. Now I must confess that I should have thought a clever girl like you could have answered a simple little question like that."

"And I should have thought a clever man like you could have answered it."

"But I don't set up as being clever, and you do."

Nancy smiled: "You were considered very clever at Oxford, weren't you?"

"I was: but I'm not responsible, you know, for all the traditions to which so antique and interesting a city give birth."

"And mathematics were your strong point, weren't they?"

"I always prided myself on being able to put two and two together."

"Well, then," and Nancy nodded her head triumphantly, "a good mathematician ought to be able to measure so simple a thing as his own love for a girl."

"Excuse me; but the very best mathematicians cannot measure infinity." And Laurence kissed her again. "But I'd spend the rest of my days in trying to show you how much I love you," he continued more seriously, "if only I wasn't so confoundedly poor."

"It is a nuisance," and Nancy sighed, thereby cutting Laurence to the heart. It was intolerable to him to think that he—who desired nothing so much as her happiness—should be the one to bring that pathetic note into her voice and that sad look into her eyes.

"But never mind," he said, after a moment's pause, trying to take a more encouraging view of things: "the luck is sure to turn soon, and then I can speak to your father and we can be properly engaged. Probably I shall succeed in letting some of the farms that just now are empty—I might even be able to let the Hall—and then you'll soon see how much I love you, sweetheart."

"I suppose that fire insurance hampers you a good deal," remarked Nancy thoughtfully.

"It does; confound the beastly thing!"

"And you couldn't leave off paying it?"

"Not without forfeiting the property, according to my grandfather's will."

"And you couldn't sell the old library?"

"Not without the same disastrous result."

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"I think it is very unfair of people to make wills like that."

"So do I: but when they have made them there is no use in defying them."

"I wish the prophecy would come true and the Hall be burned down again," remarked Nancy, with another sigh.

"So do I, for some things: but the misfortunes that one desires are invariably the misfortunes from which one is preserved."

"I suppose if it did come true you would have plenty of money."

"Plenty, my darling: but it won't come true, so it's no use thinking about it."

After a minute's silence Nancy said: "I wish we could call down fire from heaven to consume Baxendale Hall and be happy ever afterward."

"But you see we can't, dear love."

"Couldn't you light your pipe there—or have a bonfire on Guy Fawkes' day—or something of that kind?"

Laurence was struck—as we are all struck now and again—by the strangeness of that unwritten law which rules that history, even in the smallest things, shall repeat itself. We hear the name of a place or a person which we have never heard before, and during the next day or two that place or person is again mentioned in our hearing: we come upon a word that is entirely new to us; and in the next book we open that particular word hits us full in the face. We are all familiar with this phenomenon, yet it never ceases to surprise us; and therefore it came as a shock to Laurence —when in accordance with this remarkable law of chance—Nancy said the very same thing which his mother had said to him so short a time before.

"My darling, don't say such things, even in jest. It hurts me to hear you say them."

"But I can't help wishing them. Oh! Laurence, you don't know how I love you, and how horrid everything is without you." And Nancy's lip quivered.

Laurence took her in his arms and tried to comfort her. "Don't fret, sweetheart. Things will take a turn for the better soon: I know they will. And then think what lovely times we will have together!"

"But not until we are too old to enjoy them," argued Nancy disconsolately. "It won't be much fun going about together if we have to go in two Bath-chairs with the glass down."

"We shan't do that."

"Yes, we shall; and I shall look at you through blue spectacles, and you will make love to me down an ear trumpet, and everything will be simply detestable."

"Dear little child, don't fret," repeated Laurence.

"But I must fret—I can't help fretting—you should never have kissed me if you hadn't wanted me to fret. And we might have such fun if only you'd make a bonfire of the silly old place. I hate the sight of it!"

"Oh! Nancy."

"Yes, I do; and it has got to be burned down a third time by something which is greater and higher than king or state, and what can that be, I should like to know, but love? I don't believe you're really in love with me at all, or else you'd be only too pleased to burn down your house in order that I might warm my hands at the blaze. In fact, that is what you would do if you were a really nice, obliging, chivalrous, Sir-Walter-Raleigh kind of a man."

"Perhaps I might, if it wasn't insured: that makes all the difference, don't you see?"

"No, I don't."

"Don't you see that it would have taken the shine out of old Raleigh's cloak-trick if he'd covered the puddle with a borrowed mantle, knowing that he should get a brand-new one out of the transaction?"

"I can't think why you don't fire Mrs. Candy with a desire to read some of the old manuscripts so that she might study them by candle light and in her turn fire the Hall."

Laurence believed that Nancy was talking the broadest nonsense and did not mean a word she said: nevertheless, it hurt him that her suggestions should so exactly coincide with his mother's. "My darling," he entreated, "don't make life harder than it already is by saying things that cut me to the heart."

But Nancy only laughed: "You see, the Hall has got to be burned down a third time —everybody who knows anything at all knows that—and it would be so lovely if only it would happen in our time. Nobody will ever get as much fun out of the money as you and I should, Laurence, dear."

"Perhaps not, darling. You know I mind it all as much as you do, don't you?"

"I suppose you do," rather doubtfully: "but you remind me of the old Scotch woman who went for the first time to a ritualistic church and said, 'Na doot they love the Lord, but sakes! they've a funny way o' showing it.' You've a funny way of showing it, too."

But Laurence's face was too sad to smile: "I'm sure you don't want me to be more unhappy than I need be, Nancy?"

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"I don't want you to be unhappy at all, silly: that's what I keep proving, if you'd only attend to what I say. I want us both to be happy—perfectly, gloriously, frightfully happy—until every week seems like a cricket-week and every day like a bank-holiday."

"So do I, sweetheart: and we will be some day. But in the meantime don't break my heart."

"Certainly not. I'm not such a goose as to go about smashing my own property."

"Well, you will break it if you go about saying things which you don't mean in the very least, but which somehow lower my ideal of you."

Nancy made a face: "Now we shall hear something really improving. The preacher for this afternoon will be the Reverend Laurence Baxendale, sometime postmaster at Merton; his subject will be the follies of young women in general, exemplified by largely exaggerated magic-lantern slides of the peculiar negligences and ignorances of Miss Nancy Burton."

But Laurence would not be put off by her jokes: "My dear, you don't really want to hurt me, do you?"

"You silly old boy, of course I don't. Do you think that my usual way of annoying a man is to tell him that I love him? Because if you do, it isn't particularly complimentary to me."

"Then promise me you will never say anything again, even in jest, about burning down the Hall."

"All right, you shall make out an *Index Expurgatorius* of the things I mustn't make jokes about. It will include everything that begins with a B.—Baxendales and Burning and Burtons and Beatitudes, and so on and so on."

"Give me a kiss to seal your promise."

And she kissed him full on the lips.

Nevertheless, it was many a long day before either Laurence or Nancy forgot that conversation. They imagined, in the blindness of their hearts, that they had cancelled it with kisses: but no kisses, nor tears, nor even death itself can ever wipe out the effects of the spoken word whereof it is written that men and women shall give an account in the Day of Judgment.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. CANDY'S HOLIDAY.

With mine own people I awhile must dwell,
If only to find out if they are well,
And hear the things which they alone can tell.

"I'm just thinkin', sir, as I should like a holiday," Mrs. Candy said to Laurence the next time he was up at the Hall. "I was sayin' to her leddyship only t' other day that it was many a long year since I'd had a sight o' my own people; and though yewr own people may try yew sore when they're with yew, there's no doubt as yew want to see 'em now and then—just as camomile tea is as bitter as bitter when yew are drinkin' it, and yet yew can't get on without a dose of it from time to time."

"I suppose not."

"So I says to her leddyship, says I, 'I'm wantin' to go back to Norfolk for a spell,' I says: and she says to me, 'Why don't you ask Mr. Baxendale for a holiday,' says she; 'I'm sure as he'd give it yew this bewtiful summer weather.' And Candy, he says as her leddyship had right on her side, to his thinkin'; so I've made bold to ask if I may go away for a bit."

Laurence could not help wishing that his mother had not furthered the evacuation of the Hall so soon after her unpleasant suggestion to him; but he immediately put away the thought as an insult to Lady Alicia, and said quite agreeably: "Of course I shall be glad to give you a holiday, Mrs. Candy, if you wish it. But how will Candy manage to get on without you?"

"He won't manage, sir. Bless yew, Candy couldn't get along without me to look after him, and slave for him, and wash his clothes and listen to his grumblings, no, not if it was ever so; he's a good husband, is Candy. But her leddyship says as maybe yew'd give him a holiday tew; and we thought as it would be a good time to go to Overstrand, and see as the family grave is in good order, ready for me when it's my turn to lie within it," explained Mrs. Candy cheerfully.

"A strange fashion of spending a holiday; but people must enjoy themselves in their own way, I presume."

"And there'd not only be the pleasure o' puttin' the grave in good order, sir, but my niece, Maria Jane, she's just had twins, she has, poor soul!—twins, like misfortunes, never comin' singly, as they say. And what time I had to spare from weedin' in the churchyard I could be lookin' after Maria Jane and the twins. Oh! there'd be plenty to pass the time, Mr. Baxendale; so that Candy and me need never have a dull minit."

"I see."

"And Candy 'ud take a few cuttin's o' different sorts o' flowers to plant on the grave, so as to make it look more cheerful like when my

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time comes. He said if I'd no objection, he'd like try a bit o' carpet-gardenin' on it, carpet-gardenin' bein' so handy, and lookin' well nearly all the year round. 'And yew'll want it all the year round,' he says with a laugh; 'it ain't only a summer residence,' says he as peart as peart. Oh! he's one for his joke, is Candy."

"You already seem to have provided yourselves with a full and interesting programme," remarked Laurence.

"Well, yew see, sir, that's the bewty o' goin' among yewr own people—there's always somethin' to du and to talk about, be it christenin's or funerals. And I du say as next to a death there's nothin' like a birth for cheerin' a family up a bit."

"I suppose not."

"That's the worst o' bein' but a stranger and a sojourner, as yew may say, as I have been iver since I left Norfolk. Folks die and folks are buried all the world over; but I deny as yew iver enjoys findin' fault as to how they have left their bit o' money as much as yew du when it's yewr own flesh and blood as is to blame."

"That is true, Mrs. Candy." And Laurence laughed.

"Now, there was my uncle Willum—him as I've so often told yew about; bless yew, sir! we niver got tired o' talkin' of his bit o' money and how unfairly he'd left it—niver. If iver we'd a family party, Uncle Willum's bit o' money 'ud come up, sure as fate; and then there'd be plenty to talk about, never fear, however late it might be afore the party broke up. Afore his death we'd talk of how he ought to leave it, no tew bein' o' one mind on the subject, which kep' the ball a-rollin' and gave the men somethin' pleasant and interestin' to argufy about: and after his death we'd all abuse him for the way he had left it, and that was more pleasant if less excitin'. Oh! I'm sure I dunno what we should have found to talk about many a time if it hadn't been for Uncle Willum and his bit o' money."

Laurence sighed: "Money—or the want of it—certainly does seem to be the root of most evils; at least, if one is to judge from history."

"Oh! don't yew worry yewrself over history, Mr. Baxendale," said Mrs. Candy, in a soothing voice; "Candy's no opinion of history, hasn't Candy; and he's no patience wi' learnin' childern about it at schule. 'What's the good o' learnin' 'em all about past and gone kings and queens?' he says; 'they're dead and buried, and let 'em lay,' says he. That's what Candy thinks about history." And Candy's better half nodded her head triumphantly at this unanswerable refutation of the testimony of all living or dead historians.

"I didn't know that Candy was such an authority on education."

Mrs. Candy fairly bridled: "He is, though—and on most things else. There ain't much in this warld as Candy hasn't got to the bottom of—I can tell yew that, sir. And he don't hold wi' schules, Candy don't, never havin' had much schulin' hisself."

"A most natural disapprobation," murmured Laurence.

"And he don't hold wi' scholards, neither. I remember i' the late Mr. Baxendale's time Candy got a new gardener's boy which was a perfect scholard. 'How does the new boy get on, Candy?' says the late Mr. Baxendale. 'Get on, sir?' says Candy, 'why, he don't get on at all; he don't know nothin' o' nothin'. And how shud he, sir, he havin' been at schule all his life?' Oh! he isn't one for much schulin', isn't Candy."

"Obviously not."

"He says it's all very well for the gentry as haven't got nothin' to du but to turn their heads inta pottin' sheds and rubbish-heaps; but they as has got their own livin' to get can't afford to waste their time over such stuff as book learnin'."

Laurence smiled: "I am afraid then that Candy doesn't share my late grandfather's weakness for books, as shown in the library upstairs."

"Not he, sir; yew don't find any nonsense o' that sort about Candy. And he says, if he had been in yewr place, beggin' your pardon, sir, he'd sune have sold all that waste paper upstairs for what he could get for it, grandfather's will or no grandfather's will."

"But, you see, my grandfather's will made it not only impossible for me to sell his library, but also obliged me to preserve it at great expense."

"Well, it's a good thing as yewr grandfather's will has yew to deal wi', sir, instead o' Candy; for Candy wud ha' stood no nonsense o' that kind. He'd ha' sold the whole bag o' tricks for what he cud get for it—that he wud, if all the grandfathers in Christendom had tried to stop him, and all the grandmothers, tew."

"Then I am afraid the law would have stepped in and prevented him."

"Oh! he don't hold wi' the law any more than he do with schulin', don't Candy. He says as the law is all very well for poachers and criminals and the like o' them, but that it hasn't no right to come interferin' wi' honest

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men; and if it iver dares to interfere with him he'll sune show it its place, says he. And so he wud: I should like to see the law as dare interfere with Candy when onst his spirit is up."

"I suppose when you were living in Norfolk you sometimes saw the Prince of Wales on his way to and from Sandringham," suggested Laurence, who always enjoyed drawing Mrs. Candy out.

But Mrs. Candy seemed to be shocked at the suggestion: "No, no, sir; I ain't as warldly as all that, though His Royal Highness did pass through the station of the village where my brother Jacob Henry lived. 'Come and see the Prince o' Wales go through, Lizzie,' says Jacob Henry to me one day when I was a-stayin' with him. 'No, Jacob Henry,' says I, 'I'm not so warldly,' says I; 'now if it had been Abraham with Lazarus in his bosom, a-sittin' in a first-class carriage, I might a-gone,' I says; 'but not for all the kings o' the earth,' says I, 'will I run half a mile as hard as I can, just on the top o' my dinner.' And no more I wud."

"You were most sensible, Mrs. Candy, not to allow that feeling of loyalty, which is so apt to run riot in England, to lead you into indigestion."

"Just what I thought, Mr. Baxendale, sir. What wud the Prince o' Wales and all the crowned heads o' Europe have cared if my dinner that day had lain on my chest like a lump o' lead? Not they: it wud have made no difference to them whatsoever. But it wud ha' made all the difference to me, I can tell yew; and I wudn't ha' risked it, no, not for the Emperor o' China or the Pope o' Rome."

"By the way, Mrs. Candy," Laurence said more seriously, "I supose you wouldn't go for your holiday by yourself and leave Candy to look after the Hall?"

"Laws-a-mercy, Mr. Baxendale, what be yew a-thinkin' of? Why, I wudna go on a journey without Candy to tell me which way I was a-goin', no, not if yew was to crown me. Do yew think I'm a-goin' to set up a lot o' guards and porters and engine-drivers and such above my own wedded husband, and take their word instead of his? No, sir; I trust I knows my dewty as a wife better than that."

"You see, Candy could take your ticket at Silverhampton and put you into the train; and your own relations could meet you at the other end."

But Mrs. Candy stood firm: "No, sir, I took him for better and for worse, and for better and for worse I'll stick to him. And if for worse don't mean for them horrid screechin' railway journeys, I'm sure I don't know what it du mean. No, sir: unless Candy goes wi' me to Norfolk, to Norfolk I don't go."

Like all truly sensitive people, Laurence Baxendale could not bear to give pain; and the disappointment which his suggestion had called into Mrs. Candy's ruddy countenance was too much for him. "Well, then, I suppose Candy must go, too. Do you know anybody who will come and take care of the Hall in your absence?"

"Well, sir, it's not for the likes of me to go teachin' the gentry, and passin' my remarks on what they may please to du," said Mrs. Candy in the tone of those who are about to do the very thing they deprecate. Did the apology, "Far be it from me to speak irreverently," ever precede anything save the most startling irreverence; or the prefatory clause, "I never repeat malicious gossip," ever introduce any item of information which was not in direct opposition to the Ninth Commandment? And Mrs. Candy was but as her fellows—and her betters. "But if yew ask my opinion, I think as it will du more harm than good to bring strangers, into the Hall, pokin' their noses into where they've no business, and their fingers into where they've less."

"You mean that it would be better to shut the place up altogether for a week or two than to trust any temporary caretakers?"

"I du, sir. Yew see, me and Candy has known yew from a baby, sir, and the family afore that; and so we've patience with all that nonsense about takin' such care o' that old rubbish-heap upstairs. But strangers wud have no patience with it—how cud they?—seein' as waste paper is waste paper all the world over. So if they didn't take proper care of all the rummage that this old house contains, who cud blame 'em? Certainly not me nor Candy," continued the worthy matron, feeling that if suspected persons passed successfully the ordeal by Candy they were innocent indeed: "Why, last week's newspaper ain't no good, much less them old books as has been writ ever so much afore last week, or the week afore that."

"Then you would just lock up the house and leave it?"

"I should, sir. Yew see, nobody has a key to it except yew and her leddyship, so nobody cud get in to do any mischief, for there's shutters to all the downstair windows; and yew cud look in every few or three days to see as all was goin' on well. And there wudn't be any need o' fires this weather to keep the place aired, for I'd draw up the blinds to the upstair

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windows, so as the sun cud get in and keep the damp out o' them old books: and there is no damp to speak of at this time o' year. If I was yew, sir, I'd rather leave the place empty than have folks runnin' all over it as I didn't know."

"There's Williamson and his wife at the Home Farm. They would come up and stay here while you and Candy were away," suggested Laurence.

"Oh, of course, Mr. Baxendale, you knows your own business best," replied Mrs. Candy, in a tone of voice which implied that if there was one person on earth who did not know anything at all about Mr. Baxendale's business that person was Mr. Baxendale himself. "If yew can trust Mrs. Williamson, yew can trust her, and that's an end o' that."

"Oh! of course I should be guided by you," Laurence hastened to say with culpable weakness; "but Mrs. Williamson always seems to me to be a tidy woman with plenty of work in her."

"Well, sir, if yew thinks so, yew thinks so; and if yew does believe in her, yew does." Mrs. Candy was evidently of opinion that faith in a myth is better than no faith at all.

"But what is your objection to Mrs. Williamson?"

"I hasn't no objection to her, sir, far from it; but I've looked into her house, I have; and what I've seen I've seen." Fatima herself could not have spoken more mysteriously of Bluebeard's locked-up room than did Mrs. Candy of the interior of the Williamsons.

Laurence owned to considerable curiosity: "But what did you see, Mrs. Candy?"

The lady, thus urged, shook her head and pursed up her lips with the usual firmness to those who have decided *not* to say a thing and intend to say it at all costs. "It's not for me to speak evil o' my neighbours one wi' another, even if she du sit in her best parlour on a week-day and wear out the albums and the antimaccassars in a way as is neither decent nor respectable."

"You must tell me more, please, Mrs. Candy; I really don't quite grasp the full meaning of Mrs. Williamson's behaviour at present."

Mrs. Candy extenuated nothing, nor set down aught in malice: "Yew see, it's this way, sir," she began in a calm and judicial voice; "our best parlour is given up to the Sabbath, so as Sunday shall be different from the days o' the week, as it ought to be; and I hold that to sit in the best parlour on any other day but Sunday is nothin' more nor less than Sabbath-breakin'. Why, sir, I'd as soon think o' readin' the Bible on a week day as o' lookin' at the family albums. Only t' other day Candy says to me, 'Lizzie,' he says, 'there's some talk in the papers o' openin' museums and picture galleries and the like on Sundays: but I don't hold with it,' he says; 'if yew begin makin' Sunday as cheerful-like as a week-day, what'll become o' the religion of England?' he says. Oh! he doesn't hold wi' Sabbath-breakin', doesn't Candy."

"Still, there are two sides to the question," Laurence feebly expostulated, "as there are to most questions, I suppose."

But such sophistry was not for the like of Mrs. Candy. "Yes, sir, so there be—a right side and a wrong side; and yew can't have tew right sides to anything, any more than yew can have tew right-handed boots or tew right-handed breeches: leastways so Candy says, and he's got to the root o' most things, has Candy."

Laurence knew when he was beaten, so held his peace.

"Yew see, sir," Mrs. Candy reverted to her former subject, "Candy and me wud be back from our holiday in a fortnit at most—that wud give us plenty o' time to neaten the grave up and to give a start to Maria Jane's twins: and there cudn't much harm come to the Hall in that time—particularly at this season o' the year, when there's no fires needed, and considerin' as no one has a key to it save her leddyship and yewrself."

Laurence nodded. He did not think it necessary to mention before Mrs. Candy those keys which he had lent to Nancy Burton. That, he felt, was his business—not Mrs. Candy's—nor another's.

"Very well, Mrs. Candy," he said, rising to take his leave; "you and your husband shall have your holiday at once; and I'll make a point of coming up to the Hall every two or three days to see that all is going on right in your absence."

So it was arranged that Mrs. Candy should go to sojourn among her own people for a fortnight, and that Mr. Candy should accompany his better half in the train for fear she should fall out by the way.

On his way home from Baxendale Hall by the lanes, Laurence caught sight of a blue-robed figure (it was one of Nancy's whims always to wear blue) in the distance; and he accordingly quickened his steps until he overtook it. Now, it is an extremely interesting fact that if two lovers go to a particular place with the express and sole purpose of meeting each other, they are in a mutual agony of fear lest they should

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miss. To the ordinary onlooker the only remarkable thing about this fear is its utter groundlessness. In any other walk of life if A. went to a place at a time when he knew B. was bound to be there, he would conclude for a certainty that he would meet B. and would suffer no further doubts upon the question: if he knew, moreover, that B. was going to that place for the especial purpose of meeting him, his doubts as to their eventually seeing each other face to face would be still more completely set at rest. But not so with lovers. Oh, dear me, no! He knows and she knows—with a certainty which no mere friendly or business-like relation would justify—that the object of meeting each other is the sole consideration which for the time being guides their respective steps: nevertheless, they are both tortured with agonising doubts as to whether—in a space probably of some dozen yards or so, totally uninhabited save by their two selves—they shall succeed in catching sight of each other; and whether, having so caught sight, they shall succeed in exchanging those few words which are as daily bread to their starving hearts. It never seems to occur to them that nothing short of a miracle could keep them apart in the circumstances; nor to wonder why the natural laws which govern the universe are likely to be suspended for their special discomfiture. If they go to the same place at the same hour they are bound to meet, unless gravitation be nothing but a passing whim, or the shadow on the dial be as liable to be turned back as it was in the reign of Hezekiah; any one in his senses would understand as much as that. But who is in love and in his senses at the same time? And if he were, who would care to be in love at all? Love stiffened by sense is as unwholesome as cream tinctured with boracic acid; and both are the signs and the product of an over-civilised state of society.

As no natural law was suspended and no miracle wrought in order to keep them apart, Laurence and Nancy met each other in the lanes on that particular summer afternoon; and Laurence—after certain immaterial remarks which had no bearing whatsoever on the subject in hand—informed Nancy of Mrs. Candy's promised holiday, enriching the recital by such flowers of the good lady's conversation as he was able to recall.

"I'm glad the dear old soul is going away," said Nancy when he had finished; "she'll thoroughly enjoy dosing the twins and weeding the grave; and it'll be a splendid occasion for you to—oh! I forgot, I beg your pardon."

"Forgot what, my darling?"

"A promise I once made to you. That is the worst of making promises—you never can remember them. And how can you keep them if you have forgotten their existence?"

"Do you mean to say you forget promises? Oh, Nancy!"

"Forget them?—I should just think I do. I once promised father never to read a certain book: but as I've forgotten the name of the book, how on earth can I keep the promise? And I once promised Nora not to flirt with a particular man: but as I've completely forgotten who it was, how can I keep that promise either? And then you are always making me promise not to repeat things, which is very absurd: because promising you that I won't tell things doesn't mean that I shan't tell them—it only means that I shall make the people I tell them to promise not to tell you that I've told."

Laurence laughed: "Nancy, you really are an incorrigible."

"I can't help that. And you've made me promise scores and scores of things besides—always to be something, and never to be something else—and always to think this, and never to think that—and hundreds of other things, which for the life of me I can't remember."

"You naughty, unkind child!"

"Well, that's the truth. So if I break my promises to you, don't be touchy and think it was rudeness on my part. If I remember them, I'll keep them fast enough; but I'm sure not to, so there's an end of it."

When Laurence Baxendale arrived at Poplar Farm, having parted with Nancy at the iron gate which barred the field-path at Wayside, he explained to his mother as briefly as he could the arrangement he had made with Mrs. Candy. He hated having to mention the subject to Lady Alicia, and he hated himself for hating it.

But it never occurred to him to regret having spoken of the matter to Nancy Burton.

(*To be Continued.*)

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BOOKMAN BREVITIES

Mr. Bret Harte is reported to have left a volume of short stories and a volume of *Condensed Novels* ready for publication. There are also in the hands of his agents the MSS. of one or two poems.

Mr. J. M. Barrie's new story will be entitled *The Little White Bird,* and will be published before the end of the year. Messrs. Charles Scribner and Sons will be the American publishers.

Marion Manning, by Edith Eustis, whose photograph appears elsewhere in THE BOOKMAN, is a novel of considerable interest. The story begins with the marriage of Marion Heveril to John Manning, an unscrupulous and ambitious politician, who chooses Marion because of her wealth. She is an idealist and deeply in love with her husband. The story of their married life is well told, and the climax comes when Marion discovers the "other woman's" love for John and his love for her. The author shows the effect of such a domestic tragedy on the life of a young and trusting woman; her gradual contempt for her husband; her bitterness; and finally her desperate flirtations with other men when the death of her husband has left her free. The story of her second love, naturally, is quite unlike the first. The book has been labelled as a novel of political and social life in Washington; and looking at it from that point of view it does not amount to much; in fact, it is inferior to many other novels of a similar character. As the story of one woman's life and love, however, it is worth reading.

Among the particularly entertaining novels of the present season is *The God of Things,* by Florence Whitehouse (Little, Brown and Company). The time is the present, and the place is Egypt, where a group of Americans are spending some months. Dorothy Dike, a devout Roman Catholic, learns to love a man with a past. It is some time before she discovers that he has had a wife from whom he is divorced; then the struggle with her love and conscience begins. The divorced wife appears upon the scene, and many complications arise. The story is told quietly and delicately, without any striving after melodramatic effect. The descriptions of Egypt add to the attractiveness of the book.

Messrs. L. C. Page and Company have brought out *The Best of Balzac,* which contains seven of the short stories, and an introduction by Alexander Jessup. The stories are "Adieu," "La Grande Bretèche," "The Duel," "Master Cornelius," "Love and the Chasm," "The Meeting in the Convent," and "A Passion in the Desert."

Heralds of Empire (D. Appleton and Company), by A. C. Laut, the author of *Lords of the North,* is a romance of Boston in the days of witches, and of London in the time of Charles II.

Another romantic tale is *The Gate of the Kiss,* by John W. Harding (Lothrop Publishing Company). This is a Biblical story of the days of Hezekiah.

The Confessions of a Matchmaking Mother, by Lilian Campbell Davidson (J. F. Taylor and Company), are the confessions of an English army officer's widow who has six daughters to bring out.

It is as easy for a girl of nineteen or twenty to love a rich man as a poor man, so her mother naturally throws her into the society of the man who can efford to keep her—the wife he marries. It seems to me that as girls can't possibly do all this planning and manœuvring for themselves, their mothers are bound to do it for them, or else they shamefully neglect their duties. So far from a matchmaking mother being looked on with scorn and derision, she ought to be regarded with respect and reverence—at least, that's my view of the matter.

The F. A. Stokes Company have brought out a new illustrated edition of Clive Holland's idyllic love story, *My Japanese Wife.* Sixty thousand copies of this book have already been sold.

Messrs Henry T. Coates and Company are the publishers of Mr. Quiller-Couch's novel, *The Westcotes,* and not Charles Scribner's Sons, as was stated in the June BOOKMAN.

The Invisibles, by E. Earl Christopher (The Saalfield Publishing Company), is a novel which indirectly furnishes information concerning the Russian mines and treatment of the prisoners sent there. The plot is laid in Tennessee, an underground cave being the rendezvous for the secret order, the Invisibles, that are plotting against the Russian Empire.

New York in fiction, in a superficial manner, figures in Mr. Robert Shackleton's *Many Waters* (D. Appleton and Company). The story opens with a dinner given at the Waldorf. This is followed by the description of how Marshall Hartford became a reporter on the *Diurnal* when he was so much of a "cub" that he did not even know the meaning of the expression "stick." Everybody in the book is a part of the life of New York. The scenes

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shift from Wall Street to Newspaper Row, then to various apartment houses downtown and uptown. The main fault with Mr. Shackleton is that he has tried to handle too many characters in a short novel. The consequence is that none of them is clearly drawn. The whole story seems to have been hastily put together; and this is a pity, as with the material in hand Mr. Shackleton might have done much better.

Mr. Charles Hemstreet has recently published another book on New York, entitled *When Old New York Was Young* (Charles Scribner's Sons). The book has many illustrations, and the contents are particularly interesting to those who like to read of the New York of other days.

Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, whose photograph we reproduced last month, is a prolific writer. Another novel, *The Rescue*, has been brought out by her publishers, the Century Company. The story is an unusual one. Eustace Damier, an idealist, falls in love with a photograph which his eye chances to light upon while he is calling upon a friend. The photograph had been taken many years before the story opens, but he has a psychic feeling that the woman needs him now, and he forthwith learns her past history and goes to Paris to meet her. She is a widow with a grown daughter, who, by the way, is all sorts of impossible things. The young man falls in love all over again with the original of the photograph, and there is a satisfactory ending for the middle-aged heroine.

We understand that Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont is spending a few months in this country. It is said that his books have a larger sale in America than they have in England. The Frederick A. Stokes are the publishers of Mr. Marchmont's latest novel, *Sarita, the Carlist.*

Mr. Charles Frohman has secured the American rights of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins's very successful play, *Pilkerton's Peerage.*

As an indication of the rapidly increasing interest taken in Mr. Richard Bagot's work, we learn that a gentleman has recently given an order to the publisher of *Casting of Nets* for three hundred copies, which he desires may be distributed, free, among the public libraries in the United States. Mr. Bagot's new novel, the scene of which is laid in Rome, is the result of his twelve years' residence in the Eternal City.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is at present at work revising his new novel, *Paul Kelver,* at present running in an English periodical. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company will publish the book in the autumn.

It is said that "Miles Amber," the author of *The Wistons,* which the Scribners brought out a few months ago, is Mrs. Sickert, a daughter of Richard Cobden.

A Remedy for Love, by Ellen Olney Kirk (Houghton, Mifflin and Company), is a pleasant little love story which young girls should enjoy. Twin daughters and a widower father form the nucleus of this triple love tale. We failed, however, to find in its pages either a cure or a remedy for love itself.

Baron Ernst von Wolzogen, Germany's most popular novelist, has arranged with Dr. Edward Breck and Charles Harvey Genung to bring out English and American editions of his books. His best known novel, *Muscle-Mayr* (*Kraft-Mayr*), a musical romance of Weimar and Franz Lizst, is to appear before the Christmas holidays.

Edna Lyall has written a new book entitled *The Hinderers* (Longmans, Green and Company). Her clean and wholesome stories have always been more or less popular in Sunday-school libraries and in certain home circles.

A very large number of persons who do not make a practice of reading so-called religious books will perhaps read and enjoy the Reverend Dr. Rainsford's book, *The Reasonableness of Faith.* Under this title, Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company have published a number of addresses which Dr. Rainsford has delivered from time to time. Those who like the tone and spirit of Dr. Rainsford's professional utterances will be glad to have these addresses in permanent form.

Among some of the summer books for boys are *King for a Summer,* by Edgar Pickering; *Lost on the Orinoco, or American Boys in Venezuela,* by Edward Stratemeyer (Lee and Shepard); George Cary Eggleston's *The Bale Marked Circle "X,"* and *The Errand Boy of Andrew Jackson,* by W. O. Stoddard (Lothrop Publishing Company).

"Elizabeth Godfrey," whose novels have attracted some attention in England and in America, is known in private life as Miss Jessie Bedford. For a long time she lived in Winchester, where her father, the Reverend James Bedford, conducted a school. After his death Miss Bedford spent much time in travel, especially in Germany. A few years ago she and her mother moved to Southbourne, where her novels have been written. The latest is *The Winding Road,* published in this country by Henry Holt and Company.

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A beautiful book to look upon is *The True Napoleon,* by Charles Josselyn. The sub-title describes the book as being "A Cyclopædia of Events in His Life" (R. H. Russell). Many of the illustrations are reproductions of noted engravings and paintings. In the preface Mr. Josselyn says:

It is not my purpose to write a life of Napoleon; this volume is simply a compilation of anecdotes and opinions incident to himself and his times, and like J. T. Headley, author of *Napoleon and His Marshals,* I pretend to no originality except that, like him, I have grouped what I believe to be interesting facts already given to the world and have used without any hesitation any reliable author that could help me. It may save many who are interested in the life of Napoleon the trouble of wading through many volumes to find that which they would like to read. The book is, as its title represents, a dictionary of events.

A book of poems, by Ellery Channing, some of which are now published for the first time, has been brought out by Mr. James H. Bentley. The volume is entitled *Poems of Sixty-five Years,* and it contains an introduction by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn, who for some years lived with the poet. Mr. Channing, who was the last survivor of the "Concord Brotherhood," died in 1901.

Little, Brown and Company are the publishers of a novel which bears a striking and far from pleasing title. It is *In the Country God Forgot,* by Francis Charles. The "country" referred to is Arizona.

Judith's Garden, by Mary E. Stone Bassett, is another addition to the "garden in fiction," and it promises well for summer reading. The Lothrop Publishing Company say in their announcement:

It is the story of a garden with three characters in the narrative—the woman, the man, and the garden; and the latter is a character that assumes distinct personality. The woman is delicate and refined and witty and interesting. The man is Irish, funny, original, happy, a delicious and perfect foil to the woman. His brogue is stunning, and his wit is infectious and fetching.

Another "garden" book is the Reverend Canon Ellacombe's *In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere* (John Lane). This is a book about flowers rather than persons.

Messrs. James Pott and Company, who have recently published books on historical subjects which have attracted some attention, have in press a volume entitled *Cromwell's Army,* by C. F. Firth, who was the lecturer last year on the Ford Foundation, Oxford. This is the first and only connected history, according to the publisher's statement, of the English soldier during the Civil War, the Commonwealth and the Protectorate.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND, AND THE CAUSES TO WHICH IT IS DUE. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This is one of those books which it is a pleasure to review. Here we have an interesting subject treated in an attractive manner, a book printed in clear type with very few typographic faults, and with illustrations which are numerous, artistic, and appropriate.

The subject, although not quite new, is yet one on which the literature accessible to the non-geologic public is singularly scanty. This is not surprising when we remember of how recent growth is the appreciation of the æsthetics of scenery. The literatures of the old classic world, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and even that of our own Elizabethan period, show comparatively few traces of the influence of the attractive charms of those majestic and romantic elements in scenery, upon the search for which the holiday-makers of Britain nowadays spend annually several millions sterling. It is to Scott pre-eminently, and in a lesser degree to Thomson and to the Lake School, that the education of the public taste in this direction is due. In former days Pennant, even though a Welshman, could recall Loch Duich without ecstasy, and could survey Loch Hourn without betraying any quickening of pulse. Upon him the impression made by the beautiful surroundings of Castle Campbell was expressed by the bad pun that it was in the parish of "Dolour, bounded by the glens of Care, and washed by the burns of Sorrow."

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In the introductory chapter the author gives a certain amount of preliminary explanation of the rudiments of geology, so that the technical terms employed may be rendered intelligible. His definitions are for the most part clear, and, where necessary, illustrated by diagrams. This done, he proceeds to introduce his readers to the general principles of the artistic anatomy of the English landscape, and to the morphological evolution of its features. The amount of detail in the descriptions illustrative of each section of the subject is necessarily great, and thereby some chapters may seem a little tedious when the reader is not familiar with the places described; but without this detail the work would have been incomplete, and even these become luminous when read on the spot with the phenomena under the student's eye.

The extent of the subject and the fulness with which it is treated make it impossible to review this treatise section by section in a short notice like the present. Suffice it to say that any one interested in the interpretation of natural phenomena will find it well worthy of careful study. It can be recommended to the holiday seeker in any part of England as an instructive companion, with whom he can spend many a profitable hour in examining the features of the landscapes which surround him in the light of the principles which are here so lucidly unfolded.

It is consolatory, to all but the riparian landlords concerned, to learn that, while in some places the sea is encroaching on the land, yet the material so removed is being deposited elsewhere, so that in point of area the gain in the latter places more than compensates the loss in the former.

The section dealing with the influence of agriculture in modifying the English landscape is interesting, and from it we learn the strange fact that the nature of local land tenures influences the character of rural scenery in several easily recognisable aspects.

The author has, with much skill, digested the voluminous local descriptions given by the geological surveyors and by others who have worked up the details of topographical geology. He makes throughout full acknowledgment of his indebtedness to these authors, and gives accurate references to all his sources of information. He appropriately recognises that he owes to those who have preceded him in this special field of work, such as Ramsay, Mackintosh, and especially Marr.

Alex. Macalister.

THE BOOK MART

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, June 1, 1902.

Reports from both publishers and dealers indicate that business during May did not compare favourably with that of the preceding months of the year. Whether this was occasioned by an unusually early summer season, or because the public is tiring of the present class of publications, it is difficult to say. Certainly there has been no lack of new books or any decrease in the amount of advertising by the publishers, yet a noticeable falling off in sales of some of the former leaders and a failure of many new titles of promise to reach expected sales have resulted.

The month's publications were numerous both in fiction and miscellaneous subjects. *At Sunwich Port,* by W. W. Jacobs, *The Diary of a Goose Girl,* by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and *Hearts Courageous,* by Hallie Erminie Rives, are meeting with good sales. *Miss Petticoats,* by Dwight Tilton, and *Stephen Holten,* by Charles Felton Pidgin, had but a fair advance sale in view of the considerable advertising of them previous to publication. *The Story of Mary MacLane,* which is having considerable newspaper notoriety, is in much demand at present. The most prominent book of the month, however, is *The Virginian,* by Owen Wister, which bids fair to increase in popularity. The title, though, is likely to occasion some confusion with that of Thackeray's *The Virginians. Bylow Hill,* by George W. Cable, *Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul,* by E. W. Townsend, and *Abroad with the Jimmies,* by Lilian Bell, are also worthy of mention from the month's product of fiction. Of the older publications, *Dorothy Vernon* and *The Leopard's Spots* continue in considerable demand, while *The Mississippi Bubble* has increased in popularity. *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* shows no signs of decreasing sales, and seems likely to remain one of the leaders through the

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summer and have a prominent place in the autumn business.

Seasonable books on outdoor subjects which are now selling readily are naturally grouped in botanical works, of which *How to Know the Wild Flowers, Field Book of American Wild Flowers,* and *According to Season* are now most called for, and natural history, with *Forest Neighbours, Citizen Bird, Bird Neighbours* and *The Insect* book leading in demand. Books of outdoor sports are also sought for, and *Practical Golf,* by Walter J. Travis, the only recent work of importance in this field, is selling readily.

Preparations are already under way by the publishers for the coming autumn season, the travellers' samples in many instances being ready. Reports of sales from the Pacific Coast, where the season opens, are encouraging; but east of there little can be expected before July, when the centre of buying interest will be in Chicago, and New York will follow in August and September. The outlook for the coming summer's retail business indicates that a rather quiet time may be expected, with but little of special interest.

The list of best selling books for the month just past follows:

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. Charles Major. $1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice Caldwell Hegan. $1.00.

The Mississippi Bubble. Emerson Hough. $1.50.

The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. $1.50.

The Leopard's Spots. Thomas Dixon, Jr. $1.50.

The Lady Paramount. Henry Harland. $1.50.

Bylow Hill. George W. Cable. $1.25.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. A. Conan Doyle. $1.25.

The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

Miss Petticoats. Dwight Tilton. $1.50.

Audrey. Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The Valley of Decision. Edith Wharton. $2.00.

The Diary of a Goose Girl. Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.00.

The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. $1.50.

Dorothy South. George Cary Eggleston. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, June 1, 1902.

Generally speaking, May business was fairly good, although it showed, as might naturally be expected, a falling off when compared with the previous months of the spring. Library trade is slackening considerably now, as it always does when summer approaches; but it is absorbing, nevertheless, a lot of literature of all classes. Country business is active, and orders are numerous, making up to some extent in number what they lack in bulk.

More new books were published last month than is usual in May, and the resources of the spring publishing season are apparently not yet exhausted, for there are more to follow this month. The season has been wonderfully prolific, perhaps more prolific than what is really necessary, especially in fiction.

Dorothy Vernon reached a larger sale than any other book last month, and the sale of *Audrey* was fairly good. *The Mississippi Bubble* went well, and *The Story of Mary MacLane,* aided by considerable newspaper notoriety, was in lively demand locally. *The Hound of the Baskervilles* had a fair sale, and other books in which interest is still keen, as evidenced by their sales, are *The Conqueror, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, The Leopard's Spots, The Thrall of Lief the Lucky* and *The Lady Paramount.*

The period during which a popular novel enjoys favour is growing shorter all the time nowadays, and can be measured by weeks where formerly months obtained. This comes naturally from the flood of fiction that is being placed upon the market and vigorously promoted practically every month in the year. Time was when a book that was enjoying a vogue was considered good for a year at least. Now no one can tell when the demand for a popular favourite will stop.

The market is good for out-of-door books, especially those relating to sports, birds, flowers, nature, etc. Happily, also, the supply is in proportion to the demand, and although new books are constantly appearing upon these subjects, yet there are not too many to be absorbed with ease.

Of the new books published last month, those which met with the most favour were *Bylow Hill,* by G. W. Cable; *Openings in the Old Trail,* by Bret Harte; *At Sunwich Port,* by W. W. Jacobs; and *The Diary of a Goose Girl,* by Kate Douglas Wiggin. In heavier literature, *Facts and Comments,* by Herbert Spencer, met with almost as much demand as a popular novel.

The condition of business at present is as healthy as it can very well be, and there is no reason to expect any immediate change. The trade has done fairly well so far this year, and it is feeling pretty well satisfied with the results. The slow months of the year are coming, but they will be borne patiently because of the good showing of the spring.

The best selling books last month were:

Dorothy Vernon. Charles Major. $1.50.

The Mississippi Bubble. Emerson Hough. $1.50.

The Story of Mary MacLane. By Herself. $1.50.

Audrey. Mary Johnston. $1.50.

The Hound of the Baskervilles. Conan Doyle. $1.25.

The Leopard's Spots. Thomas Dixon. $1.50.

The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Ottilie J. Liljencranz. $1.50.

The Right of Way. Gilbert Parker. $1.50.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Alice C. Hegan. $1.00.

The Man from Glengarry. Ralph Connor. $1.50.

The Conqueror. Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

The Lady Paramount. Henry Harland. $1.50.

The House with the Green Shutters. George Douglas. $1.50.

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ENGLISH LETTER.

APRIL 20 TO MAY 20, 1902.

The past month has, unfortunately, developed little or no improvement over the preceding one in the amount of business done, and the demand in nearly every class of literature has been, with few exceptions, very limited, although, judging from the orders received from the various provincial centres, it would appear that the slackness in the country is not so pronounced as it is in town. With the Coronation festivities in view, anticipations of any immediate change are not high. The prevailing dulness has affected the 6s. novel, but the output has, however, been up to the average. While there is no sensational sale to chronicle, there has been a sustained demand for several volumes, among which may be especially mentioned *The Way of Escape,* by Graham Travers, and *At Sunwich Port,* by W. W. Jacobs. *Scarlet and Hyssop* has continued to be in constant request.

The issue of the fourth and concluding volume of *The Dictionary of the Bible,* edited by J. Hastings, does not actually take place until this report is closed, but the orders for that and the preceding volumes have been very large. Probably no work of a kindred nature has attained to such a popularity since the appearance of Dr. W. Smith's famous *Dictionary.* With the opening of the Academy came the usual demand for the various illustrated guides. These have of late years been more numerous, and a pronounced improvement in the production is evident. The most popular appears to be the *Black and White* edition, and the issue of *The Magazine of Art Supplement,* in four parts; although several of the illustrated weeklies now devote a section to the reproduction of the Exhibition pictures, which have sold freely.

The death of Bret Harte has but little affected the sale of his works. An increased popularity in many of the shorter works of Tolstoy is noticeable; the demand for several of his tractates has become quite constant. In the magazines there is little of importance to mention; the one exception is the largely increased circulation of the *Sunday Magazine,* which contains the story of Miss Stone's captivity.

The following is a list of the best selling books during the past month:

The Way of Escape. By Graham Travers. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)

At Sunwich Port. By W. W. Jacobs. 6s. (Newnes.)

Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by J. Hastings. 28s. (T. and T. Clark.)

In the Fog. By R. H. Davis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The One Before. By Barry Pain. 3s. 6d. (Richards.)

Clara in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Letters to Dolly. By Keble Howard. 3s. 6d. (Long.)

Various Academy Guides.

Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Ben Hur, in various editions. 6d. to 3s. 6d.

Five Years in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

American Book Company:

The Government. Salter S. Clark.

Advanced French Prose Composition. V. E. François.

Appleton and Company:

Practical Forestry. John Gifford.

New Velazquez Dictionary. M. V. De LaCadena.

Barnes and Company:

Home Thoughts. Mrs. James Farley Cox.

Bradley-White Company:

What's What? At Home and Abroad. F. Sturges Allen.

Century Company:

The Confounding of Camelia. Anne D. Sedgwick.

The Dull Miss Archinard. A. D. Sedgwick.

Poems. Robert U. Johnson.

Dickerman and Sons:

Uncle Jed's Country Letters. Hilda Brenton.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

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Marion Manning. Edith Eustis.

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Literature of American History. J. N. Larned.

International Publishing Company:
France. Pierre Foncin.

Lane:
The Sonnets of Shakespeare.
In My Vicarage Garden and Elsewhere. Rev. H. N. Ellacombe.
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Bartlett:
The Page. Volume IV. Nos. I., II. Edward G. Craig.

Clark Publishing Company:
Miss Petticoats. Dwight Tilton.

Goodspeed:
The Service. Henry D. Thoreau.

Heath and Company:
True Tales of Birds and Beasts. Edited by D. Starr Jordan.

Little, Brown and Company:
A Girl of Virginia. Lucy M. Thruston.
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The Errand Boy of Andrew Jackson. W. O. Stoddard.
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Jamieson-Higgins Company:
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ALBANY, N. Y.

University of the State of New York:
New York State Library. Bulletin 69, December, 1901.
New York State Library. Bulletin 72, March, 1902.

COLUMBUS, O.

Fred J. Heer:
Archæological History of Ohio. Gerard Fowke.

DENVER, COL.

Reed Publishing Company:
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A Blighted Rose. Joseph F. Wynne.

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Bowen-Merrill Company:
Hearts Courageous. Hallie E. Rives.

LINNEUS, MO.

Bulletin Printing House:
Sonnets. By Hallett Abend.
Fragments. By Hallett Abend.

LONDON.

Stock:
Drift of Isla. William Gow.

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Young Churchman Company:
The Rise and Development of Christian Architecture. J. C. Ayer, Jr.

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Classified Indian Club Exercises and Drills. A. K. Jones.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Jewish Publication Society of America:
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Bentley:
Poems of Sixty-Five Years. Ellery Channing.

PORTLAND, ORE.

Armageddon. Valentine Brown.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Elder and Shepard:
The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyam, Jr. Translated from the original Bornese into English verse by Wallace Irwin.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between May 1 and June, 1902.
We guarantee the authenticity of the followings lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Fables for the Elite. Dix. (Fenno.) $1.00.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Lovers' Progress. Anonymous. (Brentano.) $1.50.

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. Facts and Comments. Spencer. (Appleton.) $1.20 net.
6. The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
2. Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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6. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Naughty Nan. Long. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $.150.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Misdemeanors of Nancy. Hoyt. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Guide to the Wild Flowers. Loundsberry. (Stokes & Co.) $1.75.
6. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) $2.00.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Miss Petticoats. Tilton. (Clarke Pub. Co.) $1.50.
5. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Man From Glengarry. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.50.
6. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljencranz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

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1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Dorothy South. Eggleston. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

DENVER, COL.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Buell Hampton. Emerson. (Forbes & Co.) $1.50.
5. A Double-Barrelled Detective Story. Twain. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

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2. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
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4. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Heroine of the Straits. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

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1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Strollers. Isham. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lover's Progress. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. Thrall of Leif the Lucky. Liljencranz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Dorothy South. Eggleston. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. If I Were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
6. The Desert. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.25 net.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. The Heroine of the Straits. Crowley. (Little, Brown & Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Opponents. Robertson. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Facts and Comments. Spencer. (D. Appleton & Co.) $1.20 net.
4. Neighbours of Field, Wood and Stream. Grinnell. (Stokes.) $1.30 net.
5. Bird Neighbours. Blanchard. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $2.00.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. Sir Richard Calmady. Malet. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.

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1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Fifth String. Sousa. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Story of Mary MacLane. MacLane. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. None But the Brave. Sears. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. Dorothy South. Eggleston. (Lothrop Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

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1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Lady Paramount. Garland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. Thrall of Lief the Lucky. Liljencranz. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. If I were King. McCarthy. (Russell.) $1.50.
5. The Heralds of Empire. Laut. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Birds of Oregon and Washington. Lord. (Gill Co.) 50 cents.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Bylow Hill. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.25.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. At Sunwich Port. Jacobs. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Diary of a Goose Girl. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.00.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. The Valley of Decision. Wharton. (Scribner.) $2.00.
5. Rubáiyát of Omar, Jr. Irwin. (Elder & Shepard.) 50 cents.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. John Kenadie. Saunders. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
2. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, O.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
3. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
5. The 13th District. Whitlock. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
6. The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Morang & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Mussar Book Co.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Truth Dexter. McCall. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
6. The Crimson Wing. Taylor. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.

TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. Audrey. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The House with the Green Shutters. Douglas. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

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6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. Marion Manning. Eustis. (Harper.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Battleground. Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. At Sunwich Port. Jacobs. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan). $1.50.
5. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
6. Nature Study and Life. Hodge. (Ginn.) $1.75.

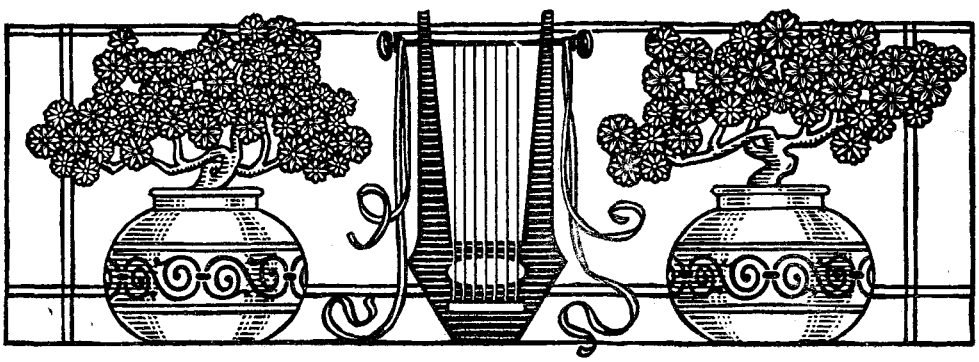
From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

				POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
" "	2d	" "		8
" "	3d	" "		7
" "	4th	" "		6
" "	5th	" "		5
" "	6th	" "		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. Dorothy Vernon. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50	263
2. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bowen-Merrill Co.) $1.50	196
3. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50	180
4. The Lady Paramount. Harland. (Lane.) $1.50	111
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00	110
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	80



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